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17 SUMMER 1960-61

3 Comment

H. P. Heseltine 5 Saint Henry—Our Apostle of Mateship

Edith Kalmar 13 The Righteous Witch

Irene Gough 18 At Her Birth

P. H. Partridge 19 The State of Our Universities

Evan Jones 26 Ode to an American University

H. E. Strakosch 29 Natural Law and the Sovereign State

Clement Semmler 39 Jazz and the Intelligentsia

Ronald M. Berndt 47 The Status of Australian Aborigines

Thomas W. Shapcott 56 Autumn Grasses

Erich Goldhagen 59 Communism and Anti-Semitism

Martin S. Dworkin 69 The Vegetables Walk Among Us

John Burnheim 73 Philosophy of History

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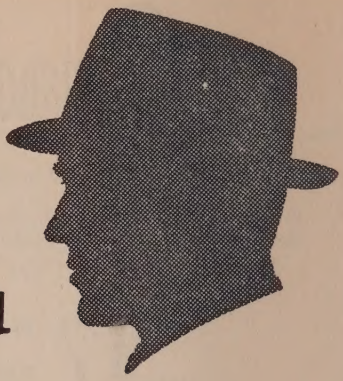

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COMMENT

ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO

IN THE end the only novel, daring and revolutionary act left to be performed is the re-assertion of commonsense. But this is the most difficult of all. It has no chance of success until the revolution has run its course, producing the inevitable demoralization, apathy and distrust. Nevertheless, at the right moment and in the right hands, the chance of recovery comes at last.

That moment may have arrived for modern poetry. The poetry we still think of as 'modern' came into being as a result of the literary revolution organized in the English-speaking world by 'the men of 1914': Eliot, Pound, Joyce, Wyndham Lewis. It now occupies a peculiar position. It is established, and safeguarded by a pretorian guard of academic critics. But the price has been high. The common reader has been liquidated as a class—he has given up the struggle and simply does not read poetry. More ominous is that the Old Guard of revolutionaries has produced no real successors. The young poets do not act as heirs, nor as opponents; they do not seem to know what to do. Between them and the past is the Waste Land.

The revolution was real enough. In essence it was an attempt to substitute for the ordinary requirements of poetic composition one sole ruling principle, 'the logic of feeling'. This 'logic of feeling' is simply double-talk for the abandonment of an intelligible subject-matter intelligibly organized. A poem, we are told, should not *mean* but *be*: and all it need *be* is a cluster of opaque verbal 'images' which are the equivalents of otherwise inexpressible feelings. No one had ever laid the axe to traditional poetics in this way before: all historical parallels offered are phoney.

Like all true revolutions, this one proceeded by means of an extremely confusing barrage of propaganda and the adoption of terroristic methods to intimidate, discredit, and silence opponents. Ezra Pound's approach to persons with oppositional tendencies was to call for measures 'to keep down vermin'. T.S.Eliot perfected a subtler style of 'esoterrorism', designed to undermine the self-confidence of dissenters and destroy their status. '*People who do not appreciate poetry*,' he wrote with quiet menace, 'always find it difficult to distinguish between order and chaos in the arrangement of images. . . .' Who would want to nominate himself as that kind of incompetent? He was also

good at blatant mystification, carried out with an air of scientific precision, perhaps on the principle that if you can't convince you can paralyse with confusion. Thus his reply to doubts about free verse was coolly to retort that there is no such thing as free verse, and that 'the division between Conservative Verse and *vers libre* does not exist'.

Tactics of this kind imply an attitude of disdain for the commonsense of readers. Only the experts are qualified to judge—and of course 'the experts' is a concept like the Marxist concept of 'class', which has no objective meaning but defines itself in action. He who agrees with me is an expert.

Inevitably there had to be a reaction. It has been under way for some time, and is gathering voices and confidence. A.D.Hope stated the essentials of a return to commonsense in his article 'The Discursive Mode' in the first issue of *Quadrant* (December, 1956). Now Graham Hough has delivered the nearest thing to a coherent frontal attack one can expect from an English critic, in his *Image and Experience* (Duckworth).

Hough takes his stand quite boldly on a proposition which has gone undefended for a long time (except by that American recusant Yvor Winters): that 'a poem ought to make the same kind of sense as any other discourse'. From this truly shocking statement he advances to a protest against the techniques of treating the common reader to 'sneers, threats, and enigmas' and quotes Samuel Johnson's robustly humanist position:

> By the common sense of readers uncorrupted with literary prejudices after all the refinements of subtlety and the dogmatism of learning must be finally decided all claim to poetical honours.

He also puts his finger on what is perhaps the main reason for the slowness of the reaction to gather force. Poetry cannot regain the attention of the common reader unless, as well as being intelligibly organized, it has something vital to say which concerns him. Cutting out little paper doilies is not the answer. Neither would be *Songs of an Aldermaston Marcher*, or *Language Games of a Linguistic Analyst*. It will have to be more interesting than that.

RIGBY'S CENTENARY COMPETITION

THE novel section of Rigby's literary competition has been won by A. E. AND J. T. MARTIN with *The Hive of Glass*. The prize was £500 plus £500 advance of royalty if published. The second prize of £100 was awarded to H. A. LINDSAY for his *Faraway Hill*. Mr Lindsay also secured second place in the juvenile section for his *The Cruise of the Kestrel*.

SAINT HENRY—OUR APOSTLE OF MATESHIP

H.P.Heseltine

THERE can be little doubt that Henry Lawson is the most monumentalized, the most memorialized, the most popularly celebrated of our writers. He is revered as one of the greatest and most 'typically Australian' of our literary figures—great, perhaps, because typical. In the Lawson legend, both the greatness and the typicality are often ascribed to a single source, the fact that he preached the gospel of mateship. Indeed, in so far as articulate literature is concerned, Lawson may almost be said to have invented mateship; he certainly made the subject peculiarly his own. And in taking mateship as a major theme of his fiction, so runs the received scripture, he gave us a uniquely Australian vision, a vision of a happy band of brothers marching bravely forward to a political and social Utopia, united in their hatred of tyranny, their love of beer, their rugged manliness and independence.

As an instrument of cultural policy, a means of giving Australians of all classes some sense of a common cultural base and of social unity, this image of Lawson is not without its uses. But as a representation of his actual achievement in fiction, it seems to me to be manifestly false. An unprejudiced reading of *The Prose Works of Henry Lawson* (Angus & Robertson, 1948) surely reveals that if Lawson was a great writer (and he was in a special and limited way), it is not because he took mateship as one of his recurring subjects. It is further clear that mateship, as it is represented in Lawson's tales, is not the pure and unsullied thing it is often taken to be; it is, in fact, compounded of the most diverse, even contradictory, and at times disreputable elements. Lawson has been given his due as an Australian. As a writer, his achievement is still in some need of clarification, and that clarification must proceed from two quite basic tasks: (1) the establishment of a version of his greatness not entirely dependent on the image of the prophet of the Australian way of life, and (2) the provision of an account of what, in his prose, mateship actually is, not what it has been interpreted to be by the faithful. It is to the second and more modest of these undertakings that I wish to address myself here.

There is, of course, no point in denying that mateship bulks large in Lawson's fiction. Indeed, he talks about it so much that at times one wonders if he is trying to convince himself as well as his readers of its value as a code of behaviour. The

word 'code' may suggest something more systematic, more coherent than Lawson's mateship actually was. But in some of his tales it is made to serve the ends of a more-or-less radical, doctrinaire political programme. I am referring particularly to the city stories, stories like 'A Visit of Condolence', 'Jones's Alley', 'Two Boys at Grinder Bros', and 'The Rising of the Court'. In these Lawson joins mateship with moral indignation at the unjust sufferings of the poor and the city workers to produce a programme of militant and united action against those responsible for the grinding economic inequalities which he saw all around him in the Sydney of his time. In 'Jones's Alley', for instance, a push of four young workers join together in comradeship in order to save Mrs Aspinall from the clutches of a rapacious landlord. Or this (in 'The Rising of the Court') is the revolutionary sentiment triggered off by the sight of some drunk and disorderly women appearing before a police magistrate:

> It is very hard to touch the heart of a woman who is down, though they are intensely sympathetic amongst themselves. It is nearly as hard as it is to combat the pride of a hard-working woman in poverty. It was such women as Mrs Johnson, One-Eyed Kate, and their sisters who led Paris to Versailles, and a King and a Queen died for it. It is such women as Mrs Johnson and One-Eyed Kate and their sisters who will lead a greater Paris to a greater Versailles some day, and many 'Trust' kings and queens, and their princes and princesses shall die for it.

We can sympathize with Lawson's righteous anger in these stories, or in 'Arvie Aspinall's Alarm-Clock', probably the best known of the kind. We can clearly understand why he found city life mean, petty, degrading, cramping, and so on. And we can see too that some sense of class unity and concerted action was, on the evidence Lawson provides, the only defence of the city proletariat. Yet there remains the fact that these stories which preach the urban version of mateship cannot by any artistic test be accounted among Lawson's best. Indeed, it almost seems that the merit of the stories varies inversely with the importance attached to mateship in them. This is to overstate the case, but there does appear to be a real gap between the genuinely creative part of Lawson's imagination and the part which was responsible for the anti-capitalist stories of industrial Sydney. He was moved to his best writing by the teeming squalor of Jones's Alley, by the mean lives and stubborn endurance of its inhabitants—that is to say, by the very things which the reformer in him wanted to do away with. This unresolved conflict between the policy making half (the mateship-inventing half) of Lawson's mind and the half which controlled his real artistic talent is nowhere better suggested than in 'Two Boys at Grinder

Bros'. Part of the story is an indictment of the owners, the capitalists. But most of it is concerned with the tormenting of young Arvie Aspinall by his workmates. In the end Bill, the chief tormentor, offers sincere friendship and protection. The second last paragraph of the piece (and this surely is a most revealing commentary on Lawson) renders Arvie's response to the possibility of mateship:

> Arvie started home with his heart and mind pretty full, and a stronger, stranger aversion to ever going back to the shop again. This new, unexpected, and unsought-for friendship embarrassed the poor lonely child. It wasn't welcome.

Sydney or the bush—the classic alternative in the Australian tradition. Lawson didn't love the first, but he is the spokesman, *par excellence*, of the bush and the bushmen. Such, at least, is a common reading of the Holy Writ. But the truth of the matter is that if Lawson's attitude towards the city was, in some respects, ambiguous, his response to the bush was even more a many-sided affair. To be sure, there are certain well-known passages which make it appear straightforward enough. This, for instance, from 'Telling Mrs Baker':

> You are good men! I like the bushmen! They are grand men—they are noble.

Or this, from 'Andy Page's Rival':

> And he hadn't any 'ideers'—at least, he said so himself—except as regarded anything that looked to him like what he called 'funny business', under which heading he catalogued tyranny, treachery, interference with the liberty of the subject by the subject, 'blanky' lies, or swindles—all things, in short, that seemed to his slow understanding dishonest, mean or paltry; most especially, and above all, treachery to a mate.

Or the conclusion of 'Send Round the Hat':

> And, as I sit here writing by lamplight at midday, in the midst of a great city of shallow social sham, of hopeless, squalid poverty, of ignorant selfishness, cultured or brutish, and of noble and heroic endeavour frowned down on or callously neglected, I am almost aware of a burst of sunshine in the room, and a long form leaning over my chair, and:
> 'Excuse me for troublin' yer; I'm always troublin' yer; but there's that there poor woman. . . .'
> And I wish I could immortalize him.

Or another conclusion, this time from 'Board and Residence':

> This is the sort of life [in a city boarding house] that gives a man a God-Almighty longing to break away and take to the bush.

All this looks like an Australian manifestation of Rousseauistic romanticism, the assertion of the moral and aesthetic superiority of unspoiled nature over the artificially constructed environments of man, and the corresponding superiority of the bush dweller over the inhabitants of the cities. It may be that in the canon of Lawson's prose fiction the man on the land does emerge as a

superior figure to the urban Australian. But his higher virtue is not derived from either a close contact with a life-giving, refreshing Nature or any special attachment to his fellow men that we may call mateship.

Indeed, it is pretty clear that Lawson is forced towards the principles and practice of mateship not so much because of any positive qualities which may recommend it as because it provides a last line of defence against an uninviting, even hostile frontier. The Australian outback, as Lawson represents it, is unfriendly, frightening, aggressively anti-human. For all the nostalgia for the smell of gum-tips that he writes of in 'His Country After All', Lawson's most compelling response to the Australian landscape is one of horror. 'I want to go away from the bush,' cries the girl in 'The Selector's Daughter', 'Oh, for God's sake take me away from the bush! . . . Anything! anything!—you know!—only take me away from the bush!' Straight after this outburst she throws herself off a cliff into a waterhole. Such, Lawson tells us over and over again, are the fruits of life in the old bark hut. Even the Giraffe, the hero of 'Send Round the Hat' and pattern of all the virtues of outback mateship, even the Giraffe in the end of the story abandons his friends and goes off to his girl friend in Bendigo.

If you elect to stay in the bush instead of fleeing to matrimony and the city or committing suicide, the prospect that confronts you can scarcely be said to be pleasing. Lawson's bush is nearly always seen at the height of summer, in the midst of a searing drought. It is almost invariably grey, arid, and, more often than not, capable of striking a deep chord of terror in the spirits of any pioneer foolhardy, or desperate, enough to grapple with it. This scene, from 'Water Them Geraniums', is typical:

> It was a dreary, hopeless track. There was no horizon, nothing but the rough ashen trunks of the gnarled and stunted trees in all directions, little or no undergrowth, and the ground, save for the coarse, brownish tufts of dead grass, as bare as the road, for it was a dry season. . . .

Or this, from 'At Dead Dingo':

> From the front veranda the scene was straight-cleared road, running right and left to Out Back, and to Bourke (and ankle-deep in the red sand dust for perhaps a hundred miles); the rest blue-grey bush, dust, and the heat-wave blazing across every object.

Or this, from 'Hungerford':

> The country looks as though a great ash-heap had been spread out there, and mulga scrub and firewood planted—and neglected. The country looks just as bad for a hundred miles round Hungerford, and beyond that it gets worse—a blasted, barren wilderness that doesn't even howl. If it howled it would be a relief.

In spite of the laconic naturalism of his prose, what Lawson

is really doing in his best outback tales is creating a personal vision of the landscape, a vision of 'the grand Australian Bush—the nurse and tutor of eccentric minds, the home of the weird' ('The Bush Undertaker'). In such a landscape, the lone pioneer can hardly be expected to survive. Physically, he will probably endure (though there are examples enough, in the pages of the *Prose Works*, of victims claimed by the bush). But the lone hand who preserves his life in the outback is likely to do so at the cost of his sanity. Story after story bears testimony to the fact—'Settling on the Land', 'The Babies in the Bush', 'The Home that was Never Built', 'No Place for a Woman'. The point is perhaps most tellingly made in 'Rats'. Three shearers travelling along an outback road come upon what they at first take to be two men struggling in the dust. The phenomenon proves, in fact, to be a solitary swagman wrestling crazily with his bluey. The shearers pause for a few moments to watch this insane performance, then move on, leaving the madman fishing in the sand.

Any single-handed attempt to cope with the bush will almost inevitably end in a deranged capering in the dust—Lawson's theme is almost as simple as that. In the face of such circumstances, some sort of shared life is obviously imperative. Marriage seems to be quite unsustainable by most of Lawson's characters; it drives them to drink or the track. So the only thing left is the society of your fellow-wanderers in the outback—in a word, mateship. Granted its genesis as a last ditch stand against madness, it is not surprising that the practice of mateship does not always prove to be an exactly ennobling affair. Indeed, it often seems to be a combination of cruel practical joking, irresponsible behaviour, and, occasionally, even dishonesty. It is worth noting, for instance, that in 'Rats', the story cited above, the shearers do not merely stand and watch the unhappy idiot, they actually egg him on to further feats of idiocy for their own amusement. A singularly cruel practical joke is the narrative basis of 'The Story of Malachi' (it is not until Malachi, the deluded simpleton, is dead that his mates think to pass round the hat). Or in 'The Shearing of the Cook's Dog', the nature of the fun is sufficiently indicated by the title.

When fun is not the order of the day, the bushman may be represented as either irresponsible or a minor con man of not inconsiderable skill. Thus in 'The Iron-Bark Chip' the story is told—and told with approval—of a group of men working on a railway culvert, who substitute an inferior timber for the specified iron-bark in the last girder. The point of the story is that Dave

Regan and his mates have put one over on the inspector. It never seems to enter their heads—or Lawson's—that their action could potentially result in disaster. Such unthinking behaviour is often given sanction for Lawson by the fact that the labouring man is scoring at the expense of the bosses. But there are incidents which suggest quite inescapably that on occasions the mateship of the Australian bushman is nothing more or less than a good lurk. To be sure, the most accomplished petty crook, Steelman, is a New Zealander (he appears frequently in the *Prose Works*). But stories like 'The Iron-Bark Chip', 'The Shanty-Keeper's Wife', or 'The Buck-Jumper' remind us that the Australian bush worker is not far behind, if at all, the master from Maoriland.

It is a mistake, then, to think of Lawson's mateship as a kind of ideal and idealized code of honour. It is simply the rough, sometimes brutal community behaviour of vigorous and desperate men. Granted the conditions from which it arose, it could not be anything else. But the most powerful evidence from Lawson's pen that mateship did not embody his idea of the highest masculine virtues lies in the nature of his principal figures. His major bush heroes have only the most limited, as it were a one-way, traffic with their mates. The great men of Lawson's outback are the solitaries, the bearers of some secret sorrow, some thought that lies too deep for tears. Of such a stamp are the enigmatic physician, Doc Wild, or the bush missionary, Peter M'Laughlan. These men bring succour and a sense of community to those in trouble (they rarely concern themselves with anybody else), but consistently refuse the consolations of a reciprocal mateship in return. Their good deeds done, they return to their loneliness and, in the case of Doc Wild, their bottle. Even Mitchell, probably Lawson's most complete and memorable creation, is in most respects a solitary character who has passed the best part of his life alone on the track, finding it literally impossible to sustain relations with his family or any other form of civilized society.

It is not that Lawson fails to provide us with examples of the selfless nobility, the unsophisticated communion of unsentimental souls which, we are to believe, is the essence of mateship. He does. Nevertheless—and this is the point—such examples are almost always pushed safely back into the past, where they are infinitely admirable and forever untouchable. If there is any one mood which pervades the *Prose Works*, it is that of nostalgia, a nostalgia sweetly mingled with joy at the inaccessibility of the past, whose great *exampla* are fixed for

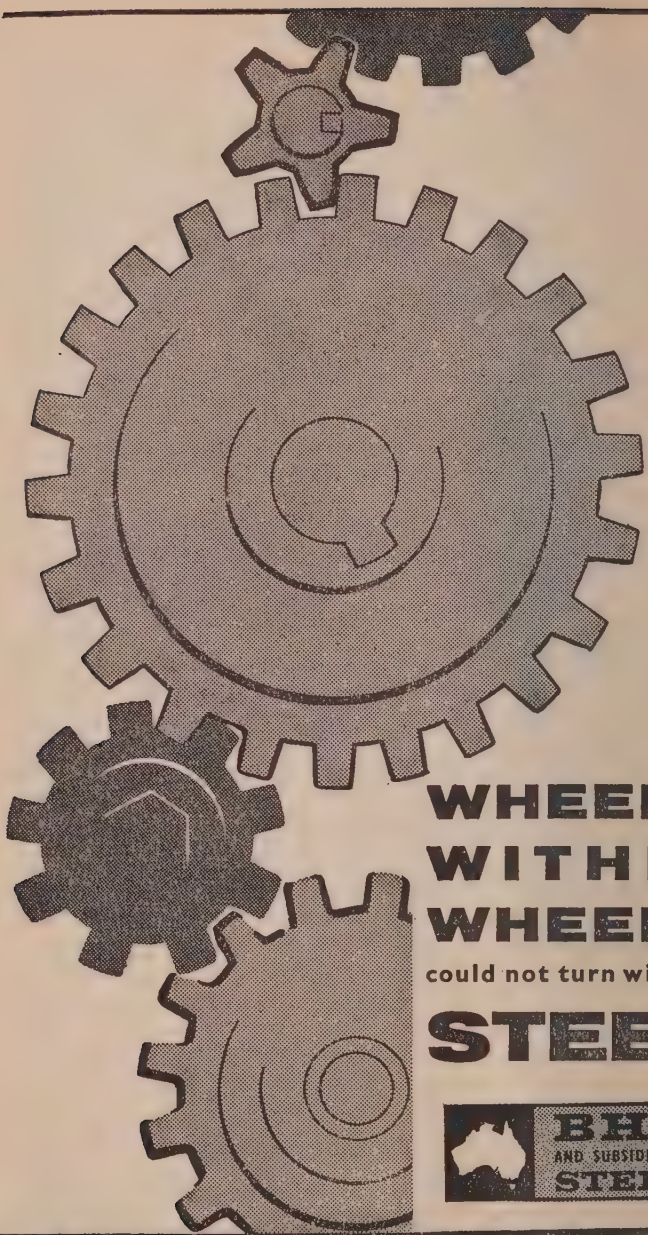
all time, inviolable by unsympathetic hands. Again and again, especially at the conclusion of the tales, the note is struck of sorrow and regret for the great times past beyond recall, for the mateship which existed some time back there, in the days when the world was wide. This sense of emotional loss and disillusion with the present underlies, for instance, 'His Colonial Oath', 'For Auld Lang Syne', 'The Songs They Used to Sing', 'Meeting Old Mates', and 'The Little World Left Behind'. The mood is expressed as sharply as anywhere in the final paragraph of 'An Old Mate of Your Father's', the very first story in the volume:

> Those old mates of your father's are getting few and far between, and only happen along once in a way to keep the old man's memory fresh, as it were. We met one today, and had a yarn with him, and afterwards we got thinking, and somehow began to wonder whether those ancient friends of ours were, or were not, better and kinder to their mates than we of the rising generation are to our fathers; and the doubt is painfully on the wrong side.

We can, then, reverting to the scriptural figure, say something like this. Mateship manifests itself in Lawson's fiction under three forms. First, as the Holy City, the New Jerusalem, a vision of future perfection to be striven after and, perhaps, ultimately to be achieved. This vision rarely, if ever, becomes viable material for Lawson's imagination. Second, mateship appears as a remembered or imagined Paradise, a dream, achingly recalled, of an unspoiled life that probably never was. This does contribute to the canon of successful tales. Third, and most important, mateship may be represented as part of Man's various, contradictory, incomplete existence in the fallen world. It is only a pity that the first of these versions of mateship has been admired almost to the obliteration of the other two. It is only a pity that it has been too little realized that Lawson's imagination most successfully lays hold on the principle of mateship when he contemplates it as a condition of man's existence, not of his salvation. *H.P.Heseltine*

VANCE PALMER IN PAPERBACKS

Reprints of works by Vance Palmer figure in two of the new paperback series of Australian publishers. Melbourne University Press has *National Portraits* (7s. 6d.) and *The Legend of the Nineties* (8s. 6d.). Rigby's Australian Pocket Books have *The Man Hamilton* (4s. 6d.).



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THE RIGHTEOUS WITCH

Edith Kalmar

GENTLE uproar broke out in the street when I first employed Manuela as a washerwoman. The neighbours came to warn me: Didn't I know that Manuela was a witch?—Yes, I knew. Manuela had told me so herself at our first meeting, with quiet pride and self-confidence. Some people own a plot of land; some have a brother or son-in-law working for the Government; some can wear a badge on their lapel or read their name in the paper. Manuela had no property, no connections and no official function but nevertheless could not be overlooked. She was a witch.

She was also a good washerwoman, who sorted and rubbed the sheets and towels and shirts shiny white and did not tear them to shreds in no time. Good washerwomen were rare. The neighbours agreed.

Manuela was forty-eight. Her face looked a hundred, wrinkled into brown antiquity. The few teeth gleamed white and friendly and her body was supple as behoves a witch. She had borne eight children. Six had died as innocent babes of smallpox. To my movement of choked pity she answered with astonishment that all was well because they were in heaven, all little angels—and what better lot could a Christian wish for?

I pitied St Peter when I set my eyes on the two surviving daughters. Judging from the living, the six dead ones must surely be the ugliest little angels in all the heavenly spheres. Squint-eyed, bow-legged, dressed in magenta and sugary pink, the dark rebozos modestly covering the thin dangling plaits, the two daughters trotted every evening down our street to fetch their mother.

Manuela would not sleep at our place. She preferred to go home every evening in the rickety bus and to come back the long way again every morning. She explained to me convincingly that this uncomfortable arrangement suited her very well because—I would understand—she had to watch over her daughters' virtue. From nightfall until sunrise, she guarded the maidens. A very sensible arrangement, for no sane male would ever touch the girls in broad daylight. Manuela loved her girls. 'They are good children,' she told me, 'they are well-behaved.'

I agreed and thought doubtfully: 'Can mother-love be so objective and accept the virtuous power of ugliness with pride?'

Manuela sensed my doubt but interpreted it wrongly, for mother-love is blind. She looked at me sideways: 'They *are* virgins. Everybody can see it. It's their walk.'

'Their walk?'

'Naturally. Everybody knows that virgins walk differently from other women. My girls walk like virgins.' She spat on the hot iron and worked in contemptuous silence.

She taught me some hitherto unknown facts of life. The peel of an avocado, finely cut and rolled into a tortilla, drives away children's worms. It worked. Try it out yourself—a bread-roll will do.

Early every morning she plucked some leaves from the lemon-tree, poured boiling water over them, stirred them slowly round and round and drank it slowly sip by hot sip. 'It prevents gall-bladder trouble,' she explained. Nearly everybody here has gall-bladder trouble and had his own special remedy. Soon I too was plucking, pouring and stirring, holding the small, warm, round, brown earthenware jug in my hand, sniffing the faint lemony aroma and breathing the small steam whirls in.

'The red bugs,' Manuela said—'The red bugs over there on your vine. Do you know how to get rid of them?' I hesitated. 'I had better prepare you something,' she said, and explained the difficulties of getting the right ingredients at the right time. 'The gardener,' I ventured, 'he thinks DDT would help.' Manuela was bitter: 'The gardener! DDT!' She closed her eyes.

Soon she tried again. She came out to the terrace one morning and sat seriously down beside me: 'They are knocking in the dining-room wall.' Pause—then: 'I heard THEM also in my wall, when I ironed the señor's shirts.'

'Did you, Manuela?' I would not be caught again in not knowing what everybody else knew, like a virgin's walk and the remedy for red bugs. Manuela was not misled so easily. She explained: 'It's not healthy to have them in the house. Ghosts. Ghosts are not healthy.'

I pondered. Did she use the word *healthy* because of the emphasis we put on all things hygienic and unhygienic? Did she mean *safe* when she said *healthy* and only used our sanitary terms to make the issue clear to a lower mind? Or did she really think ghosts unhygienic? Manuela, interpreting my silence as hesitation, thought that now was the time to take advantage of my weakening. She was quite willing to help my ignorance. She opened her mouth widely so that the skin of her cheeks was tightly stretched and knocked with her knuckles against it.

The noise was startling loud. 'You see,' she said with a small smile only, being too proud to take open notice of my surprise. 'That's the noise. I heard them even this morning when I passed your bedroom. You had better let me do the ironing in your bedroom. I could get rid of them. I know.'

I became nasty. 'Manuela,' I said firmly, 'we sleep very well. We never hear any ghosts making noises in the bedroom. THEY do not disturb us. You say they disturb you in the ironing-room. If you cannot get rid of them in your small ironing-room, how will you dispel them from our big bedroom?'

Manuela closed her eyes. She sat in the sunshine, relaxed, disapproving and contemptuous.

One Monday morning, Manuela was late. She had attended a funeral on Sunday and was so tired the morning after that she thought it best to sleep a little longer.

'Was it a nice funeral?' I enquired politely.

'Very nice, very beautiful indeed.' She described the mourners, the candles, the several small wreaths and the cross, all made from white and pale lilac flowers, stiffly impaled on a net of wire.

'You must understand, it was an important funeral, otherwise I would not have been so late today,' Manuela said. 'We buried a werewolf.'

'A WHAT?' I shouted.

'A werewolf. Don't come now and tell me you do not even know what a were . . .' I interrupted her. 'I know what a werewolf is, Manuela, a being that is a wolf during night and that changes into a human with the sunrise. I never thought one would find them here, only in Germany or perhaps Poland and other wild countries like those. And even there not in our time but centuries ago. In fact, I thought the werewolf died out long ago . . .' I trailed off lamely.

'I do not know about places that far away,' said Manuela firmly. 'But I know we buried a werewolf yesterday afternoon.'

'How did you know he was a werewolf?'

'She,' Manuela had to correct me again. 'She—not he. The werewolf was a woman.'

'How did you know she was a werewolf?'

'That's a long story,' said Manuela. 'Remember I told you some time ago that little Paccito fell sick, Don Antonio's youngest. I could not help him. The chemist could not help him. So they even had to call a doctor. So I began thinking. Who could want to cast a spell on a poor innocent one? Who could do such a cruel thing, torturing a little babe? So we all started thinking

and soon noticed that la Chatita and her mother and father and all her brothers and sisters had just moved into our quarter. I had seen la Chatita cuddling little Paccito just the day before he fell ill. I saw her standing in front of Paccito's basket, saying "cl cl cl cl" and tickling him. The next day he had a fever.'

'Manuela,' I said. 'Everyone tickles a nice fat baby and the doctor cured Paccito, so I cannot see the connection.'

'Can't you?' Manuela was surprised. 'I just told you la Chatita was new around here and she was talking and touching the child, and next thing, he was ill, the poor creature.'

'I am not convinced,' I maintained.

Manuela conceded they were not convinced either in the beginning, just suspicious. But what about Don Antonio's fat hen? Why was the bird well and scratching one day and the next morning it was dead? Ha.

'Perhaps it choked on a corn,' I guessed wildly, not knowing what deadly illness could befall a fat hen.

Manuela nearly showed annoyance and, emphasizing each word gravely she asked: 'How can you explain that right after the hen died, two policemen came and arrested Don Antonio?'

'Manuela,' I said. 'You yourself told me not so long ago that Don Antonio had stabbed his friend. Where would we all be if everybody could stab everybody else without the police trying to uphold law and order?'

'Nobody had done anything unlawful. I had told you the stabbing was just one of those larks between friends. We all thought it very peculiar that Don Antonio had such a run of bad luck. The baby first; then the hen; and then a whole week in the calaboose. He must have been bewitched and even I could not undo the spell. A werewolf's spell is too strong for me.' Manuela paused impressively to make me understand the evil power of a werewolf. 'The only way out is to shoot a werewolf.'

'I know, Manuela,' I interrupted eagerly to show her my knowledge of witchcraft. 'One needs some metal scraped off a bell at midnight to fashion a bullet out of it.'

Manuela smiled condescendingly and shook her head. 'No,' she said, 'that's too old-fashioned. Cartridges, that's what is used today.' 'Oh,' I mumbled.

'After Don Antonio's release from gaol I made my preparations,' Manuela said gravely.

'What preparations?'

'You would not understand it.' Manuela could not be bothered. 'It's too complicated for you,' she added. 'We waited

three nights, Don Antonio with the rifle. And I. Sometimes we saw the werewolf moving around but it was too dark to be sure of a good shot. One must get a werewolf with only one shot.'

'How could you both be sure in the darkness that it was the werewolf?'

'Who else would prowl around when every honest Christian is in bed?' I pondered. 'Maybe a burglar?'

Manuela raised her arms a bit. 'My goodness, my goodness. A burglar wants to make a living. Do you really believe a burglar could find something worth while where we poor people live?'

I had to concede she talked commonsense, but tried once more: 'Maybe a boy, a girl, meeting in the dark?'

Manuela became stern. 'The girls around there are all virtuous,' she said. I was silenced.

'Three nights we sat there. The fourth night we felt that something good would happen. So we waited and waited and waited until the sky got greyish. We saw the werewolf moving and I said to Don Antonio, "Shoot!" And he shot.'

'You should have heard the werewolf cry out! We ran very fast, but the sun was faster and when we came to the spot, day had come, and the werewolf had changed into a Christian again. It was as we had expected. It was la Chatita. She whispered: "Holy Mother!" and then she was dead.'

'Manuela,' I asked, clearing my throat. 'Why did you give the werewolf a Christian funeral?'

'I told you just now that she repented at the last moment, didn't I? I told you plainly, she said "Holy Mother!" didn't I? So luckily for her, she died a Christian, poor thing. And now it's time for me to start my work.' Manuela said, and so she did.

My feelings for Manuela changed perceptively. She accepted her new status and burned most of the shirts she ironed. I complained, but she firmly denied any responsibility for the scorched spots and blamed the ghosts in the walls. She had warned me, hadn't she? She had told me she could get rid of them for me, but I did not want to listen to good advice. Grandly she spat on the hot iron, put it down firmly, drew her head back and closed her eyes.

'Manuela!' I shouted desperately. 'You have done it again.'

Manuela pulled up the iron and opened her eyes. 'Now you can see for yourself,' she announced gravely, 'how fast those ghosts work! It does not even take them one minute to spoil such nice shirts.'

'But, Manuela,' I protested loudly, 'you closed your eyes. You let the iron stay too long in one place; you burned the shirt yourself.'

'I do not care to listen to foolish accusations,' Manuela said slowly.

She took off her apron, reached for her rebozo and, arranging it carefully with supple movements, she walked out of the door and down the street, and I never saw her again.

Edith Kalmar

AT HER BIRTH

Irene Gough

When she was born, at her birth they said:
Give her no land, that she may cherish and hold
The smallest things of the earth.
Keep her from pride, let her have no land,
They said, at her birth, let her travel alone and know
The strength in the hand of the stranger.
And she will know, when it comes
The time for the honey-flow,
And, shaken, see in the secret hills
The flowering cherry tree.
At moth flight when the moon expands
She will hold to the smoking dusk,
In her hands, the exquisite silver moth
With the traceries of gold.
And she will know, when winter's gone,
Where thin bush orchids grow;
And when spring floods the fruiting trees
The quince's passion of buds.
And in her need the thoughts
Will fall and pass unknown
Like brilliant pomegranate seed
Spilled in the grass.
Let her have no time, they said at her birth,
To hide away nibbling old famishing crusts of grief,
But let her find music and rhyme.
Let her see, they said, no fear in sleep
Or his cruel brother; let her see the stars are froth
Along the margins of Eternity.

THE STATE OF OUR UNIVERSITIES

P.H.Partridge

IT IS pretty generally known that Mr A.P.Rowe's ten year term as Vice-Chancellor of Adelaide University was an exceptionally troubled one and that, when he resigned in 1958, there had long been mutinous mutterings among his academic staff. It is part of the purpose of his book to tell the story of the failure of his mission; so far as this aspect of the book (A.P.Rowe, *If the Gown Fits*, Melbourne University Press, 1960) is concerned, it is perhaps safest to assume that he is no more reliable than the rest of us as a witness in his own cause. He succeeded to a university long impoverished by financial dependence upon a singularly parochial, unenlightened and complacent State government; one made somewhat torpid by isolation, self-insulation and long years of paternalistic dictatorship; and suffering from the disadvantage of being planted in the midst of one of the most respectability-ridden societies to survive into the twentieth century. Of all this Mr Rowe gives a very lively, and no doubt not unfair account. But it will be pretty obvious to the discerning reader that this was only part of the cause of his troubles; there is sufficient internal evidence in his book to show that Mr Rowe was not the most perceptive, skilful, modest or patient of Vice-Chancellors.

However, it is not very interesting for most of us to rake in the ashes of Adelaide University's past. In addition to writing his apologia, Rowe has embarked upon a discussion of the state and the problems of Australian universities; he has written, he says, to explain to the Australian taxpayer what value he is getting for all the money being spent on the universities. This is of course the more interesting and important side of the book. In recent years there has been an abundance of writing about the universities in this country, but almost all of it discussion of a few questions—salaries, finance, the problems of 'numbers', the establishment of new universities and the like. There has been very little close examination of the quality of their teaching and research; of what they are doing and what they should be doing; more generally, of the character of their contribution to Australian intellectual life. No one tries to do for this country what Barzun does for his in *The House of Intellect*—viz, to investigate the manner in which current ideologies, doctrines,

intellectual fashions, social forces, forms of organization and the like are affecting intellectual traditions and standards. It will be gross flattery of Rowe to compare his book with Barzun's: Rowe is an administrator of scientific research organizations by profession, not a humanist and social theorist; and his range is very much narrower—he is interested in not much more than a few aspects of the administration of Australian universities. But he is interested in administration and organization inasmuch as it affects the quality of intellectual work, and for this reason his book deserves to be examined, in default of a better.

Rowe gives a pretty depressing account of the state of the universities; the main elements of the picture are not unfamiliar, his diagnosis of our troubles rather more so. Broadly, it is a picture of self-satisfied mediocrity. The universities are poor, under-staffed, under-equipped. The staffs, especially the professor, unimpressive: few Australian professors in his opinion could get Chairs in English universities. We do not secure our fair share of men of first-class talent. Most students think of their university only as the place they attend to get instruction; they disappear at the end of the day into the bosoms of their uncultivated families; very few of them acquire any width of culture, or become infected by the excitement of a life characterized by an interest in the world of ideas. Research is embryonic or sporadic—and not only because of the lack of time or resources (the standard excuses) but even more because of lack of incentive, ambition and capacity; there doesn't exist in our universities the drive and the complete absorption and commitment that are essential for exploration and discovery at the highest level. Our universities in short have settled comfortably on the *beta* to *beta plus* level that is the level of most Australian institutions and most aspects of our social life. Indeed, the root of the trouble with our universities, Rowe seems to suggest, is that they take their character so faithfully from Australian life.

Is this, to begin with, a fair account of the state of our universities? I should say not. Some of it we all know to be true; some of it is no more than we should expect. What does one expect to establish in comparing our universities with those of England, Europe or the United States—i.e., with the universities of the countries which have been for a very long time the centres of world art and literature, science and scholarship? Rowe contrasts the number of F.R.S.'s in Manchester or Bristol with those in Sydney or Melbourne: but is anyone surprised that the best English universities should possess a

concentration of talent that ours can't rival; or that the ablest men should tend to be drawn to the already most powerful schools? Rowe himself rightly makes the very important point (and one that is often ignored in discussions in this country) that it isn't a few hundred pounds more in salary that attracts important men to a university (and especially to a university in a very remote, comparatively unknown and sparsely settled country), but much more the presence in the university of a body of men whose work is attracting international attention. Thus, anyone could easily guess that our problem of recruiting really important minds, of making our universities places of international importance, is not an easy one to solve; as a matter of fact, the demand for first-class men in Britain and the United States is so strong that we have to struggle constantly merely not to lose ground. We suffer the inevitable disadvantages of living at the remote edge of the civilized world: distance from what have hitherto been the main centres of thought and scholarship, isolation, smallness of numbers, the poverty of resources both human and material—these, no doubt, are not the only factors; but they are part of the explanation of why our universities are not more distinguished than they are. They are disadvantages which, to some extent, time may help to solve; they are not disadvantages which we can do a great deal about by taking thought or improving our ways.

And yet, when everything of this sort has been conceded, I would still argue that our situation is much more encouraging than Rowe allows. If we are embarking upon these 'cross-cultural' comparisons, we might expect that our universities would stand to English universities as other parts of our culture to their English prototypes; that the University of Sydney, let us say, would stand to the University of London as *Quadrant* does to *Encounter*, or the Sydney *Observer* to the London *Observer*. Perhaps it would be true to say that we lack, academically speaking, the high peaks: but also that no university consists only of peaks and pinnacles, and that, at the middle and lower altitudes, our universities do not compare badly with the best universities of other countries. And it would be a very dubious thing to say that our universities reflect the common standards and qualities of Australian life (although Rowe suggests it). They are in fact in a rather special position; there is a traffic between Australian and other universities which some think is even becoming excessive, but which is, at any rate, a strong antidote to parochialism and an insulated mediocrity. It would be hard to find many other departments of Australian life so

continuously open to external influence; and this is perhaps the chief reason why the universities are better than the general level of Australian cultural and social life would entitle us to expect.

But perhaps the main point to be made about the general picture he offers is that he gives no inkling of the change that has occurred in the character and atmosphere of the universities during the post-war years. I should have said that he is describing the universities of the thirties rather than the fifties. It is possible that, when he went to Adelaide in 1948, he found still surviving the untroubled mediocrity that characterized all our universities thirty years ago; it is of course a very different university now, and partly because of many of the young men who came into it during Mr Rowe's own regime. I cannot speak confidently of the natural sciences, but of Arts subjects and social sciences of which I have some knowledge there has been something like a revolution in most of the universities. Departments have at last gained the numbers that are essential for the existence of lively, productive schools: the typical departmental pattern of the thirties—the dignified 'professor-god' (to use one of Rowe's favourite terms) plus a couple of lonely, often vegetating lecturers —is a quaint historical memory. It is preposterous to say now that research is virtually non-existent: in most universities now, in most of the departments of Arts and the social sciences, one will find a rather large group of young men, almost all of them busy with some sort of research, and most of them, too, enthusiastic about some at least of their teaching, especially eager to detect and encourage students who show academic talent. The main criticism now, it seems to me, is not the neglect of research; it is the quite different one that the tendency to overemphasize or overvalue research may lead to narrowness and parochialism, by encouraging too great a concentration on those subjects on which research can more easily be done, viz, local Australian topics. But that is another matter. There is no doubt that the volume of publication is increasing remarkably. The flow of communication with the universities of other countries (and between the Australian universities themselves) has increased beyond recognition in the last two or three decades. On the side of the social studies, there is some reason for hoping that some of our universities may become quite important centres for study of the history and contemporary affairs of Asian countries; it is no longer the case that our Departments of Arts and Social Sciences aim no higher than to communicate derivatively and at second-hand the work of British and European

scholarship. (Incidentally, it is shocking that Rowe in his chapter on Research should argue that exploration and discovery, which he rates so highly as one of the functions of a university, should be chiefly the business of scientists, and that Arts men and social scientists should be satisfied to be retailers.) Not only is this true of the social sciences; in philosophy, in literary studies, in many other branches of the humanities, the universities show an independence and maturity they hardly possessed thirty years ago. One might continue in this way for some time; but perhaps I have made it plain that there are many things that ought to be mentioned, and which Rowe does not mention, in any serious assessment of the state of the universities. One of his disqualifications for writing the kind of book he has written is that he seems to know little about the history of the universities; he seems to have little sense of the direction of change. I am therefore not nearly so pessimistic as he is. Nevertheless, it is deplorable that the sorts of progress I have illustrated should be so gravely threatened by the present senseless and apparently uncontrollable increase in size and student numbers.

Throughout his book Rowe develops a particular diagnosis of the malaise of the universities; it is worth saying something about it because it happens to be a view that is at present gaining some influence among us, and among official persons outside the universities who have some power to affect their affairs. On this matter, for example, he has received Sir Mark Oliphant's wild acclaim. Rowe thinks that egalitarianism is the bane of our universities. What he objects to is, essentially, the government of the universities in academic matters by the body of professors and by the faculties. Professors differ among themselves in their amount of experience, their ability, their academic reputation, their industry—but all share more or less equally in the academic government of their university. A professor may be notoriously lazy or incompetent—but he is absolute monarch of his own Department, and no one in the University really has the authority to call him to account, to shelve him if necessary. Thus the universities lack authority and leadership; Rowe complains that Australian Vice-Chancellors have great responsibilities but no authority; and he himself would support a system in which the Vice-Chancellor assisted by a small body of experienced and wise colleagues had the authority to lead and control the academic body, or, alternatively, something like the American system of the permanent Dean. By and large, Australian professors have insisted on equality of salary and rewards as well as of authority; and this, Rowe thinks, has prevented any university from

offering unusual rewards or inducements to the unusually able man. Thus, it isn't possible for an Australian university to create a few centres of strength and to build around them; every university on the contrary is committed to equality of treatment, to uniformity and a middling standard. The use of money for research is another example: every Department, however mediocre and unproductive it might be, demands its share; Rowe thinks that the sensible thing would be to concentrate the scarce resources on the few men and Departments who can really produce worthwhile results. But in egalitarian Australian universities no one is given the authority to make such decisions: professors hang together for mutual protection.

It isn't very hard, of course, to make a very plausible case along these lines. And Rowe raises very important questions: the government of universities is a dull but important subject which isn't enough studied or discussed in this country. But it does not seem to me that Rowe's book contributes much beyond raising the questions; he is altogether too dogmatic and unreflective, and unwilling to look at the difficulties in his own position. It is all very well to say that someone ought to have the authority to judge the quality and performance of professors and Departments, to administer rewards and sanctions, to give to him that hath and to take away from him that hath not. Admirable, if it can be done—but who can do it? There are occasionally flagrant cases, and they would occasion little difficulty; but most of the cases that arise are pretty controversial, and it is obvious that if you have, say, a Vice-Chancellor intervening pretty actively to encourage certain individuals or certain lines and styles of work (given the specialization and the arcane character of most contemporary science and scholarship) you run the risk of opening the door to a lot of personal arbitrariness and capriciousness. Some American precedents are pretty discouraging: one of the most notable was the manner in which President Hutchins laid about him in the University of Chicago, importing professors he liked but who had no great standing in their own discipline and, I think, causing others to leave whom great universities were glad to snap up. Rowe has a chapter in which he expresses some very strong views about the character of contemporary academic philosophy and history, about the sort of philosophy and history he thinks ought to be taught, and about the teaching of foreign languages; this chapter does more to weaken his own case for Vice-Chancellors having academic authority than any general arguments could. There might be a good deal to be said for the idea of permanent deans; the authority

of American deans differ from university to university and from faculty to faculty, depending on personality, on the traditions and practices of the particular university, and so on. I cannot say that American discussions suggest that the system as a whole works any better than ours; it is obvious that it sometimes opens the way to a quite undesirable capriciousness; and when it works badly, it produces a much worse situation than our system of faculty or professorial board control ever does.

'If in a university it should be said that, although excellence and mediocrity can be recognized, there must be no outward and visible sign of its recognition, then that university condemns itself to a third-rate uniformity which will surely be recognized by other universities if not by itself.' Again, are things quite so simple as this? A few men clearly fall into their different compartments, but with the majority this is not so; and if Australian academics have been unwilling to accept proposals for paying professors according to merit, standing or something of that kind, it has not been mainly because of a thick-headed egalitarianism (as Rowe suggests) but because they are conscious of the difficulty of finding external and objective criteria for comparing the quality of teaching and scholarship of men in very different subjects. In the United States, of course, practice is very different; but there is in America an academic market which looks after these things and which we do not possess; and, in any case, American studies (such as Caplow and McGee's *The Academic Market Place*) do not suggest that the blessings of differentiation, lack of uniformity, reward for merit or eminence are so unmixed that we can easily see which system is best. Rowe is very ungenerous in judging the motives of his Australian colleagues: in my opinion, they have been moved not so much by the instinct of mediocrities to protect one another as by the belief that, since in most cases it is impossible to discriminate objectively and exactly, it is better to let virtue be its own reward. And once we start trying to match salary, status and amount of administrative authority with intellectual merit, we run the risk of encouraging ambitions and values that are far from being truly academic. Still, Rowe's view is worth considering; my objection to his book is rather that the answers are all so clear to him that he doesn't admit any need for discussion.

Indeed, I think that, in any serious examination of the codes and conditions that help to produce great universities, one could make a case for the opposite position, that universities might be better if they could be more egalitarian. In any kind of serious intellectual production (in the literary world, for example)

differences of income and status tend to be extrinsic and accidental: they seldom correspond exactly with intellectual merit or importance. This is true of universities: real values change very rapidly indeed, and, at any given time, it is by no means the case that the more senior or the more famous men are still the men who are doing the most valuable work in their subject within the university. There are not a few subjects in which a man passes his productive peak (if we take into account the novelty and importance of his work) very soon; and there are many university departments in which it is the younger, less well-known, men who are more in the mainstream. And I am suggesting that we shall work more sensibly in universities if we keep these modest thoughts constantly in mind. But if we begin to try to bring the two scales of worth and reward into a contrived correspondence, we are setting ourselves a very complicated problem, and are likely to make a mess of things. For such reasons, I am inclined to think that universities are in a healthier condition when scholars and scientists don't worry too much about income and status; and especially when they don't worry overmuch as to whether the money and authority they are given corresponds exactly with their intellectual worth. It is possible that the sort of view Rowe takes, by putting so much stress on income and authority as symbols of intellectual status, could do a great disservice to the universities.

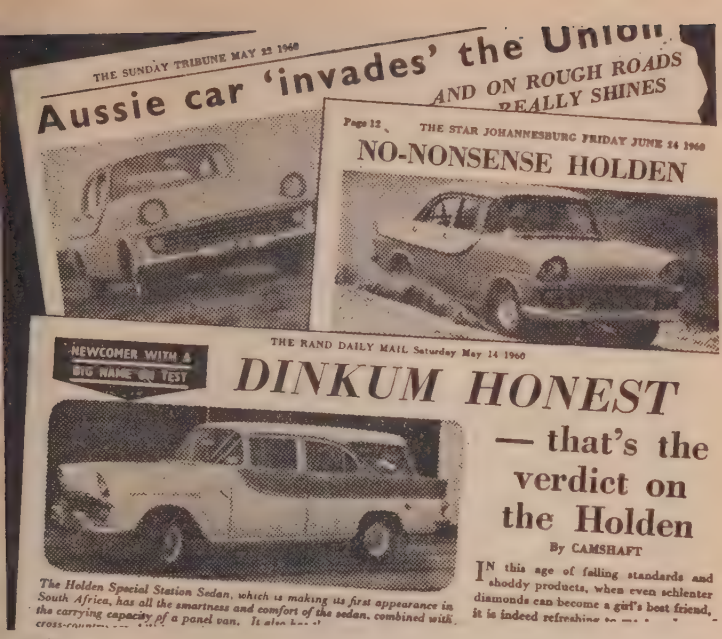
P.H.Partridge

ODE TO AN AMERICAN UNIVERSITY

Evan Jones

Small citadel bulwarked against chaos,
  Here in your atmosphere of privileged calm
  What active conscience would not find its balm?
No matter what disease breaks out in Laos,

Or, in the West, what old contagions spread,
  Your disciplines maintain their narrow order
  And, as the Air Command protects the border,
You guard your little province of the dead.


THE SUNDAY TRIBUNE MAY 22 1960
Aussie car 'invades' the Union
AND ON ROUGH ROADS
REALLY SHINES
Page 12 THE STAR JOHANNESBURG FRIDAY JUNE 24 1960
NO-NONSENSE HOLDEN
THE RAND DAILY MAIL Saturday May 14 1960
NEWCOMER WITH A BIG NAME TO TEST
DINKUM HONEST
— that's the verdict on the Holden
By CAMSHAFT
IN this age of falling standards and shoddy products, when even schlenter diamonds can become a girl's best friend,
The Holden Special Station Sedan, which is making its first appearance in South Africa, has all the smartness and comfort of the sedan, combined with the carrying capacity of a panel van. It also has

South Africa acclaims HOLDEN

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Holden's warm welcome in South Africa adds yet another link to the present chain of 34 other Holden export markets in the Pacific, Africa and Asia, and the Middle East. By the end of the year, the cumulative export total will exceed 24,000 Holdens. This represents over £12 million in overseas exchange earned for Australia — an earning that will inevitably increase as more export markets open up.

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you could really afford to give expression to your Ego. (Even, perhaps, to your Id? Concomitant, of course, to paying heavy fines.) You could effloresce; you could develop in every direction — like a jungle. Or, conversely, you could even afford simplicity: that last refinement of a redundant income. Your clothes could be perfect to the point of nullity. Your cigarettes could be hand-made — by somebody else's skilled hands. And compounded of the most improbable ambrosial tobaccos, to your very own special recipe.

But, let us face it — this is a pipe-dream! You must adjust to a less spectacular fate with a philosophic grace. What to do? Light a Craven "A", the cigarette smoker's cigarette. It's a small democratic pleasure, open to every man. Nothing startling, nothing grandiloquent. Just one soothing, pleasing puff after another.

COULD BE WORSE,
COULDN'T IT?

NATURAL LAW AND THE SOVEREIGN STATE

H.E.Strakosch

UP TO the end of the eighteenth century the legal thought of Western civilization still represented by and large a marriage between Christian personalism and Greek rational thought. Hardly anyone seriously queried the existence of a 'natural law'. That law must be rooted in an order of objective values, that the positive enactments of the State derived their validity from their conformity with a rationally conceivable standard of truth, that the coercive power of public authority was therefore legitimate only as long as it did not transgress the bounds drawn by an objective law—all this was accepted as common ground.

It was only in the nineteenth century that the concept of a natural law receded before a victorious legal positivism. Law was no longer based on an objective order of values but simply on Hegelian and pre-Hegelian notions of the will of the State, or the General Will of the People, or the *Volksgeist*. The problem of a possible tension between positive law and objective justice became meaningless in a system of thought which tended more and more to see in the sovereign state the embodiment of truth, the final and fully-developed form of history.

Natural law was treated with little short of open contempt by the jurists of the nineteenth century. Few indeed were sensitive to the dangers of treating law as nothing but a means for the furtherance of national or social ends. But the disease of legal positivism carried the seed of its destruction within itself. When the national sovereign State of the nineteenth century became, under the pressure of the social and international problems it had given rise to, the totalitarian State of the twentieth, the legal positivism of the romantic and historicist school of German jurisprudence became the law of a fully-developed revolutionary pantheistic mysticism. Nazi law became frankly and openly irrational and Hitler declared bluntly: 'Lawful is that which benefits the people.' Thus did Nazi law become the *reductio ad absurdum* of legal positivism. Since the end of the second world war we find serious attempts, not only in Germany but also in England and the USA, to re-establish legal norms on a rational and objective basis. The revival of the theory of a natural law, i.e., a law which, on account of its objective character transcends in validity the positive law

of the State and thereby limits in law the sovereignty of the latter, is a direct result of the totalitarian catastrophe of the twentieth century.

The question whether law is rooted in an order of values transcending in validity and permanence the changing formations of the social and political scene, or whether it is nothing but the exercise of the coercive power of public authority, is no mere play with abstract idea; in fact the legal thought of Western civilization has been one of the important constitutive elements in the development of its characteristic political form, the sovereign State.

The notion of a natural law, based on Aristotelian and Platonic concepts of the rational nature of man and of justice, was systematically developed by the Stoics. Cicero says in a famous passage: 'And there will not be different laws at Rome and at Athens, or different laws now and in the future, but one eternal and unchangeable law will be valid for all nations and all times, and there will be one master and one ruler, that is God over us all, for He is the author of this law, its promulgator and its enforcing judge.' At the same time the principles of an 'eternal and unchangeable law' were worked out in a practical way by the Roman jurists who faced the difficult task of adapting the indigenous legal institutions of the Roman Republic to the needs of the supra-national civilization of the empire.

But even though the notion of a law which transcended by virtue of its universal validity the positive law of the State was thus established in classical antiquity, it is still true to say that the *prise de conscience* of natural law belongs to the Christian, perhaps even more to the modern, period of Western civilization. This is so because the fundamental polarity which has to a large extent determined the course of Western history—a polarity which would have become a destructive antithesis without natural law—is a direct consequence of the rise of Christianity. The problem of the limitation of the rights of the community over the human person has its source in the Christian belief that God through His death on the Cross redeemed, not mankind as a whole, nor the Jews, nor the Gentiles, but many human persons, *vos et multos*. The apparent paradox of Christian civilization, that the individual is in one sense a part of the community and a means to an end, and in another sense an end, infinitely transcending in value the community—this formative problem of European history did not exist for the Graeco-Roman world.

Ancient civilizations were quite legitimately monolithic.

In them state and religion were one and encompassed the whole of man. The traditionally tolerant Roman Empire persecuted Christians not for religious but for social and political reasons. Christianity threatened the monism which since time immemorial has been the normal condition of life; it presented society with a radical dualism, a split of loyalty between the Empire as the realm of Caesar and the Church as the embodiment of the Kingdom of God in this world: it made a distinction between the civic individual and the spiritual personality. It does not do to minimize the greatness of the problem the peoples of antiquity were thus confronted with: the triumph of Christianity in the fourth century was regarded by many Romans as leading necessarily to civic anarchy; when Rome was conquered and looted by the Visigoths about a hundred years later, the worst forebodings seemed to have received a tragic confirmation.

St Augustine's great work of apologetics, *The City of God*, was written to refute this serious charge against Christianity. And yet it looked, not only through the following centuries of the dark ages, but even when after the year 1000 AD the Germanic invaders began to rebuild civilization on the ruins of the world they had destroyed, as if one of the greatest achievements of classical antiquity, effective and lawful government, had been irretrievably lost in the catastrophe of the Western empire. The new masters were carrying their own primitive tribal structure into the high civilization they were in the process of creating. Their law was varied according to local custom, and their system of government was a loose integration of regional groups organized merely on the basis of a charismatic notion of leadership. The integrating principle of the feudal order was moral rather than political in the strict sense of the term. The State did not exist in the modern sense, and the Church was the repository of the moral order as a principle of unity which lacked adequate political expression.

Dante voiced the despair and the hope of the dying middle ages. He expected salvation from a rejuvenation of the Roman Empire. In that he erred; yet during his lifetime two events took place of decisive importance for the formation of the political organization which was destined to save the Western world from the anarchy which threatened to engulf it: the sovereign State of modern European history. One event was the actual transformation of the feudal order into an effectively governed national monarchy in England and in France; the

other was the translation, about 1260, of Aristotle's *Politics* into Latin and the application, by St Thomas Aquinas, of the classical idea of the State to the political problem of his own time.

The latter half of the thirteenth century is indeed one of the crossroads of European history. Here we are for the first time face to face with the problem of State sovereignty within a Christian society, a problem which increases in tension as the State assumes, in modern times, more highly organized institutional forms and which is still the core of the political dialogue of the present day. It is the problem of the sovereignty of the human person within the organized society of the sovereign State. It was precisely this problem, occasioned by the rebirth of the State of classical antiquity from the ruins of the feudal order, which led to the first conscious and systematic application of the principles of natural law to a real political situation. A synthesis was now possible between the classical idea of the State and personalist values unknown in pre-Christian antiquity.

If Aquinas had failed in his great synthesis, if he had not succeeded in establishing on one common natural notion man's personal and his civic life, an intellectual catastrophe of the greatest dimensions would have overtaken Christianity at the dawn of the modern era. The sovereign State would have arisen *in opposition* to the Christian belief in the inalienable sovereignty of the human person, and the ever-latent fear of the last two centuries of the Western Roman Empire of an insuperable opposition between Christianity and civic order would have found a terrible confirmation. It was the great merit of the theory of natural law that it made the classical concept of the sovereign State viable within the Christian personalist system of political thought. Natural law saved Western civilization from a fatal dichotomy in the thirteenth century when the sovereign State began to supersede the feudal order and it carried out this major political function up to the beginning of the contemporary period of European history and beyond.

St Thomas accepted the State in the Aristotelian sense of a supreme authority vested with sovereign power, in contrast to the feudal notion of the civic order as a loosely integrated system of self-governing corporations. In his *De regimine principum* the principle of distinction is clearly stated. The family and all other social groups differ from the State not only in size but 'specifically' because the State is a 'perfect community' which in St Thomas's language means that the State and the State alone has the attributes in their fullness which constitute a community as such. It has the capacity of making laws, i.e.

it is endowed with coercive power, and it possesses a 'sufficiency for all the necessities of life'.

The State is rooted in the nature of man; according to Aristotle's well-known dictum, he who lives outside society in spiritual or material self-sufficiency is either a god or a beast but not a man. Therefore it is needless to postulate a convention or deliberate compact as the origin of the State. But because the State is a natural phenomenon and not an artificial creation, it is a part of the general order which pervades the whole of the created universe, and is therefore ordered towards God. But the State, though necessary for man and natural to him, does not comprise him wholly: man remains in one all-important respect independent of and outside the State. The State, though sovereign relatively to the lower order of society it comprises, is not absolutely sovereign because it does not comprise the individual person's orientation to God.

The systematization of the theory of natural law took place when the sovereign State, at whose birth it stood, became the dominant political form of Western Christendom. It was in Spain, where it had to establish itself in battle, not only as in England and France against a dying feudal order, but also against a highly developed alien civilization, that the State first grew to full maturity; it was there also that the doctrine of its limitations was first developed.

The practical stimulus to an examination of the nature and the scope of State sovereignty came from the problem created by a new situation, the expansion of the Spanish monarchy overseas. From the humanitarian efforts of the Spanish Dominican, Las Casas, to alleviate the lot of conquered Indians arose the question of State power in a new and theoretically expanded form. Colonization, the subjection of pagans to Christian masters, raised for the first time the question of human rights arising not from a common brotherhood in the Church, but from a common root in the family of men. The Spanish Dominican, Francisco de Vitoria (1483-1546) in his work *De Indis et jure belli* dealt courageously with the problem that had arisen from the new situation. He affirms the rights of pagan states—on the basis of natural law—to the full legal benefits of sovereignty and thereby limits also the right of the Spanish monarchy to the establishment of colonies. Freedom of trade and freedom of missionary work is all, according to Vitoria, that the colonizing power may lawfully enforce on the pagan states of the new world. He also specifically excludes paganism as a reason for a *bellum justum*, a just war, which would make

lawful the subjection of the native population. Vitoria's ideas seemed so dangerous to Charles V that he demanded the silencing of the monk from the superiors of his order.

The most important of the Spanish neo-scholastics was the Jesuit Franciscus Suarez. Suarez was no more strictly Thomist than St Thomas was strictly Aristotelian. But he continued in this field of legal theory the master's synthesis to the point where it became the intellectual instrument for the solution of the political problem of his day. At the time of a deep-seated crisis, when the unity of Christendom threatened to break up under the impact of the new concept of State sovereignty, Suarez established a new synthesis between the State and the unity of Christendom, a synthesis which accepted the State but divested it of its negative, disintegrating force by limiting its power and its absoluteness.

The basis of Suarez's synthesis was his superb realism in the best scholastic tradition. Suarez developed a theory which encompasses not only the unchangeable principles but also the varied practical needs of government. In the development of his thought he arrives at positions which are often reminiscent of modern theories of the functional character of law. But at the same time there is never a decline into mere relativism; the fact that law must be based on principles valid for all times and circumstances is never lost sight of. *Lex aeterna* is the source of law as such, and laws are laws only insofar as they participate in it. This *lex aeterna* or *lex naturalis* is the law common to all mankind, the same for all places and all times. But law has also a functional character and therefore must be changeable according to time and circumstances: 'Just as a different kind of medicine will be prescribed for the sick and for the healthy, natural law, though it is the same in every case, will make different prescriptions in different circumstances.'

Modern research has shown the far-reaching influence of Suarez, not only on Grotius and the formulation of his theory of international law, but generally on the Lutheran and the Calvinist as well as the Catholic thought of the seventeenth century. The reason for this astonishing but undeniable fact is probably that the neo-scholasticism of Suarez served as a bridge facilitating the transition which took place at this time from the dominant Aristotelianism to the rising new philosophy of Descartes.

Cartesianism played a role of capital importance in the development, and also the eventual breakdown, of natural law theory. It provided an answer to the special political problem

of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, just as St Thomas had answered the needs of the thirteenth and Suarez those of the sixteenth. But it left the theoretical structure brittle and vulnerable to later positivist attack.

The political problem which determined the course of history on the continent of Europe from the sixteenth to the end of the eighteenth century arose from the consolidation of the State. The growth of State sovereignty culminated in the claim of the State to be, not the highest, but the only, form of social organization. The State was no longer concerned with establishing its primacy over the lower corporate bodies: it was bent upon the evisceration and total absorption of these bodies. This is the era of the death-struggle between the corporations, represented by the estates of the real, and the king, representing the absolute power of the Crown.

There was a very definite danger in this period of struggle between king and parliament that the absolutist government of the Crown would degenerate into arbitrary government; but arbitrary government is the antithesis of government, it is anarchy. Reduced to its simplest terms the political problem of the seventeenth century was this: the development of State sovereignty, which was an irreversible trend, was leading to the establishment of the absolute rule of the king. The absolute rule of the king however, must, unless it was limited by law, degenerate into arbitrary government. In short the sovereign and absolutist State contained an implicit threat of anarchy.

Natural law had legitimated the State in the thirteenth century and limited its power in the sixteenth. Would it now have the strength to limit the absolute power of the king by law when the *political* limitation by the power of the estates was rapidly vanishing? The challenge of royal absolutism had to be met with an equally extremist claim on the part of the theory of law.

But scholastic concepts were no longer able to meet the new situation. The State's claim to the prerogative to absorb the lower corporations of the social order could not be reconciled with the scholastic concept of society as an integrated order of orders. Therefore if a conceptual basis for the objective character of law, for its independence from the positive enactments of the State, was to be found, a new philosophy was needed to provide that basis. This was achieved by the transposition of natural law from its scholastic to a Cartesian basis.

Cartesianism seeks reality not in things but in the internal

necessity and the inner consistency of thought. Within Cartesianism it was possible to postulate a system of law derived from the IDEA of law and wholly independent of the existing circumstances of a special social and political situation. The positive law of the State was no longer lawful as such, as long as its ordinances did not overstep the bounds drawn by the nature of man as a rational and social being. A 'good' law in Cartesian thinking is *a law which can be logically deduced from first principles*; its 'goodness' is immanent, and the functional aspect of law is denied. In response to the challenge of a total dominion of the sovereign State, Cartesian natural law postulated the total 'rationability' and objectivity of the legal order.

We have here the root of that 'logical mania' (*furor deducendi*) of the natural law of the Enlightenment, the postulate of a total 'mathematical lucidity', which finally brought natural law into disrepute. The lawbooks of the period abound with instances of an unrealistic rationalism, a logicality which is devoid of commonsense and becomes pure pedantry. Long and complicated deductions prove propositions which need no proof because they are commonsense, e.g., that no law can be valid unless it be made known to those who are subject to it. Another characteristic of this law is its complete absence of historical sense. Martini, one of the most prominent Austrian jurists in the second half of the eighteenth century, bases the right to fix arbitrarily a price for one's property on Genesis 47, 14, the high prices demanded by Joseph for corn from the Egyptians at the beginning of the seven lean years.

But Cartesian natural law, in spite of its obvious methodical shortcomings, performed an all-important historical function. In a situation of fully-matured absolutism it met the claim of the State to stand above the law with an even loftier claim of comprehensiveness on the part of the law. The claim of absolute sovereignty was checked in its anarchic trend by the claim of the totality of law. The Cartesian exaggeration did at least succeed in preserving the oldest tradition of European civilization, the objectivity of the legal order, in the unfavourable political situation of fully-developed absolutism.

The rest of the story brings us into the midst of the problems of our own time. The extremist rationalism of the period of Enlightment led to a sharp reaction and to the rise, especially in Germany, of a philosophy of pantheistic mysticism. Natural law was one of its first victims; the beginning of irrationalism in German legal thought can be dated from Savigny's famous treatise: *Of the Vocation of our Age for Legislation and Jurisprudence*.

(1814), in which the validity of law is no longer deduced from objective and rationally conceivable principles, but from the spirit of the people who made it. As yet however the dangers of the new approach were not recognized. Savigny himself and his immediate successors erected on insecure philosophical foundations a highly complex and notionally consistent system of legal thought. The elements of traditional rationalism that lingered in this legal positivism of the imperial era of Germany retarded the full development of its consequences. The end of the line was not reached until the twentieth century, after German romanticism had undergone a mating with revolutionary socialism.

Modern scientific and technical development has made the nineteenth century form of State sovereignty already obsolete. The need for a renewed process of international integration is universally recognized today. If this transformation occurs in the form of an orderly evolution and not by way of a destructive catastrophe, then the institutions of supra-national organization which have arisen in the post-war world will have to extend governmental power also over the sovereign State. But the notion of a sovereign State abrogating by a sovereign act its sovereign power is nothing but a bundle of contradictions. Only a State which is *not* sovereign, in the sense of an absolute and unlimited dominion in the internal sphere, can become subject to a supra-national government. But this presupposes the renewed expression, not of antiquated and obsolete legal concepts, but of a principle which lies at the root of our civilization and which we dare wound only at the peril of our existence: the principle of the limitation of power by law. It may well be therefore that natural law has not become defunct in the eighteenth century, as the generation preceding ours so firmly believed, but that it will resume its historical role as one of the great constructive forces of Western civilization. The revival of natural-law thinking which is taking place at the present time could be the harbinger of a major and positive change in the direction of political thought.

H.E.Strakosch

BEYOND NIHILISM

Michael Polanyi's Eddington Memorial Lecture, 1960, has been published under the above title by Cambridge University Press (3s. 6d.). In it he attempts to trace the way in which the generous moral passions of our age have been converted into driving forces of totalitarian fanaticism.

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JAZZ AND THE INTELLIGENTSIA

Clement Semmler

THESE notes, in case the title should be misleading, are not meant to 'intellectualize' jazz. Nor is their purpose to befuddle with the technique, mystique, whatever you like to call it, of jazz enthusiasts and collectors. They are merely an attempt to explain a fairly remarkable social or sociological development whereby an intelligent appreciation of jazz is now no longer regarded as a sign of eccentricity, madness or the possession of hillbilly cultural standards. For this there are quite reasonable explanations, which, however, do involve a little 'digging', shall we say, into the history of jazz, as well as a subjective and sympathetic capacity to understand what is uncovered.

Jazz as an entertainment product became popular and commercial[1] in the mid nineteen-thirties. The fairly-well developed invention by then of the mass-produced gramophone disc-record (78 style) enabled this popularity to spread to most countries of the world, a dissemination accelerated by the vogue for 'short-wave' listening. (The acceleration was to reach cyclonic force within a few years when the USA moved into World War II. Through the Voice of America, V-discs, transcribed radio broadcasts and the personal manifestations of Major Glenn Miller, Commander Artie Shaw and others, it used jazz as a war morale weapon—thus making the Free World, and the Unfree too, I imagine, even more aware of the cultural phenomenon.)

But back in the nineteen-thirties jazz had suddenly become swing. 'Swing' began as a verb to suggest the easy, effortless impetus of a good jazz group, somewhere along the road it became a noun. 'One day they called it ragtime, now they call it swing', sang Billie Holliday; 'Swing is the thing' warbled the Brothers Mills in unison; 'Jazz is music, swing is business' was Duke Ellington's laconic comment. And so all at once the dance bands began to exploit jazz. Now, in the late nineteen-twenties

[1] Many years before there had been a brief flash of fashion for Jazz, triggered off on the night of 26 January, 1917, when the Original Dixieland Jazz Band opened at Reisenweber's famous restaurant in New York. It was a 'white' group led by an Italian cornetist Nick la Rocca which faded into commercial oblivion but probably left the word 'jazz' in the language, and the tune *Tiger Rag* in the repertoire.

and early nineteen-thirties there were some magnificent 'big' jazz bands, as every jazz collector knows—but they were negro bands led by musicians like Duke Ellington, Fletcher Henderson, Don Redman, Luis Russell, Andy Kirk, Chick Webb and Benny Moten. Racial prejudice generally stopped them from getting radio contracts and lucrative hotel jobs—and thus they played almost exclusively to audiences of their own colour, whether in Harlem or in Kansas City (where the Moten band was to become Count Basie's).

Swing was born with Benny Goodman who, ironically as we now see it, commissioned Fletcher Henderson to write arrangements for his band (Henderson thus securing the belated fame which had never come his way at the Roseland Ballroom in Harlem). These arrangements he scored for Goodman almost exactly as for his own band—brass and reeds in alternate phrases; exhilarating repetitive passages (or 'riffs') and provision for improvised solos by star players in the bank (like Harry James, or Gene Krupa or Jess Stacy, the pianist). So the Goodman band was given a style which succeeding bands more or less copied (not so successfully), and with the help of musicians as competent and sympathetic as Goodman himself it achieved much of the brilliance and relaxed quality of coloured jazz. More significant was the phenomenon of a big band playing jazz, or something pretty close to it, becoming the rage. The teen-agers of the day queued for hours to hear the band in theatres and concert halls; they 'jitterbugged' in the aisles to the horror of their parents (thus setting a pattern of adolescent behaviour which has persisted through 'bop', 'skiffle', 'rhythm and blues' and 'rock 'n' roll').

Big band swing then was one reason for the popular acceptance of the jazz idiom. Another was the rediscovery of the 'Pioneers'. The sudden commercial popularity of the big bands probably helped with this. At the beginning of the nineteen-forties with jazz now an important part of American culture, someone discovered that some of the early jazz 'greats' were still around. A few of them, in the showman class, had managed a fairly constant recognition—like Louis Armstrong, and that merry genius of the piano Thomas 'Fats' Waller. But now 'Jelly Roll' Morton was 'discovered' and hustled into a brief Indian summer of fame in night clubs, and down to the Library of Congress in Washington where he recorded for the archives those wonderful maundering, meandering reminiscences in monologue and piano-playing sequences which apart from furnishing a graphic chapter in the history of American folk music saw him doggedly

reiterating his 'Man, I *invented* jazz' line. Then they dug up another veteran New Orleans jazzman in Willie 'Bunk' Johnson, bought him a new trumpet and a set of teeth and put him to work for his little hour. If there had been a neglect of tradition hitherto (and often the negro pioneers had themselves wished to put much of it behind them for a number of reasons—the Southern background, Uncle Tomism and plain ignorance) it was now set right with a rush. From car-washing, bell-hopping and odd jobs in baseball parks in Chicago there came into the spotlight a group of tremendous boogie-woogie pianists—Meade Lux Lewis, Jimmy Yancey and Albert Ammons, even though they had been pre-eminent in their limited circle for years. Along with some other ex-New Orleans musicians like Wingy Mannone and George Lewis they all hopped aboard the gravy train while it lasted—night club spots, radio shows, some even got parts in films. A few with a leg-in during this jazz renaissance eventually established themselves on a more permanent footing—Henry 'Red' Allen for instance.

When I was in Paris in 1956 I met the late Sidney Bechet at a Lionel Hampton jazz concert in the Olympia. As a jazzman from way back it was quite something to meet Sidney (who never had to be 'rediscovered' in Paris—he was welcomed to the fold when he arrived there many years before, and became an identity in that city). He was suitably impressed that his fame and recordings were known in Australia, and as my next stop (jazz-wise as it were) was in New York, I asked him where I might best hear righteous music in that city. Sidney rubbed his bald head and reckoned he didn't know much about the New York jazz scene these days, a long time since he'd been back, but he thought his old buddy and New Orleans contemporary, the trumpet player Henry 'Red' Allen was playing at the Metropole.

Now 'Red' Allen, like Armstrong and Jack Teagarden had always been one of my jazz weaknesses. So I hailed a taxi in New York one evening and asked to be taken to the Metropole up on 48th. 'Sure buddy,' said the driver. 'You'll hear the racket two blocks off.' I sure did. Imagine a long narrow room split nearly all the way down by a bar, on the left of which was a narrow platform on which Mr Allen & Co. held deafening court; on the right, tables and chairs for the customers. You held your place at the bar or tables as long as you kept drinking beer at 75c a bottle. But ah, it was celestial music. 'Red', perspiring, singing, stomping and blowing, wore a check suit, a perpetual smile and bright tan shoes; he was abetted by

musicians whose names are legendary in jazz. It was like meeting royalty. Fancy in one group, clarinetist Buster Bailey, Claude Hopkins at piano (he was playing with Fletcher Henderson in Harlem in the nineteen-twenties) and the great drummer Cosy Cole. 'Red' Allen was one of nature's gentlemen. He played all my favourite jazz pieces (he couldn't imagine it possible that an Australian could know an old Victor disc he had made in 1928). I joined temporarily that exclusive clientele whose entrance on any night was hailed by a trumpet blast of Gabrielesque proportions; and my intake of Miller's High Life beer and solid jazz was in equal proportion. A sailor from Dublin next to me at the bar shut his eyes, shook his head ecstatically, and said, 'O brother!' Red even cut short his morning's sleep one day to come up from his Harlem apartment to make a radio interview for me. 'Man,' he said, 'it's a pleasure, man—do they really know my music in Australia?' He told me how his father had led one of the earliest brass bands in New Orleans—from which groups stemmed a good deal of early jazz. Though you had your music at the Metropole Mondays through Fridays from 7.30 p.m. to 3.00 a.m. (Saturdays and Sundays from 1.30 p.m.) Red looked as strong and healthy as an ox, and as far as I know is still playing there.

But now the third factor in this jazz emergence—the Revivalists, which in a sense paralleled the rediscovery of the Pioneers. The latter had among other things established the repertoire of New Orleans jazz. Most tunes were jazz tunes if played in their style—blues, marches, spirituals, hymns, even sentimental ballads. So *Nearer My God to Thee*, *When the Saints Go Marching In*, *A Closer Walk with Thee* and *I Will Take You Home Kathleen* jostled with such orthodox pieces of tradition as *St Louis Blues* and *High Society*. After all, the so-called jazz 'classics' are only the popular tunes of yesterday; they became classics merely because jazz musicians liked and played them often, not because they were composed as such. It was inevitable then that groups of young musicians without an apparent jazz environment should start to copy the sound, style and techniques of the New Orleans pioneers. Perhaps, because it was away from the mainstream of regular jazz, it was not surprising that much of this Revivalist music centred on the West Coast of the USA, in and around San Francisco and Los Angeles, in the early nineteen-forties. The Lu Watters band and later Turk Murphy's group set the pattern of many later bands—Dixieland music with a powerhouse approach; usually a trumpet, trombone, clarinet front line, backed by a piano, banjo, tuba and drums rhythm

section. San Francisco has remained a solid jazz quarter ever since. When I dropped into a record shop in its Market Street the proprietor, interested to meet yet another in the long line of jazz-minded Australians, gave me a card to present to 'Doc', the presiding genius of the Hangover Club, foremost jazz dive in the city. It was a similar arrangement structurally and financially to the Metropole—this time Blatz and blues, only 90c a bottle—but cheap at half the price. For, in person, here was Earl Hines, heading a small tribe of ex-Turk Murphy musicians, Hines playing not in the straighter rhythm style of his *57 Varieties* but a blend of mainstream and progressive piano which had the patrons five deep along the bar. 'Doc', busily wiping glasses and ringing the till, cleared me six inches of counter space, said it was nice to meet me and passed along. But the climax, for me, was still to come. The intermission pianist was, of all people, the boogie-woogie pianist Meade Lux Lewis, of enormous fatness, whose buttocks spilled over each side of the piano stool—Meade, who according to legend, learned to play piano by following the depressions of the keys with pianola rolls. Meade Lux cheerfully played his *Honky Tonk Train Blues* for me—the first jazz record I ever bought, way back in 1934.

Incidentally, as a Revivalist group, Australia's Graeme Bell Band which visited Europe in 1947 is generally admitted by overseas jazz critics to have been in world class; certainly its disciplined musicianship and balance as a combination gave it a presence far superior to the European bands; its influence had a good deal to do with the success of the band that the Hon. Humphrey Lyttleton organized in 1948. Moreover, the success of the Bell Band in its Australian tour on its return led to a succession of very good Dixieland groups in Australia including Len Barnard's, the Port Jackson, the Southern Jazz Group and a host of others from Brisbane to Hobart, via Cootamundra. (The present Ray Price combination which gave Sydney jazz a face-lift when it began playing at a waterfront hotel a few years ago, is well up in this line.) Probably from all this too sprang the Annual Jazz Conventions which at least have given some publicity to the recognition of jazz in this country.

While on the subject of Dixieland, there is a refined variant called Chicago-style which since the Prohibition days in the so-called Windy City, has worn very well. Some of the Chicagoans have congregated in New York's Greenwich Village and still hold court nightly. Their music is especially popular with college and university students as well as cafe society generally. When

I went to Eddie Condon's in the Village I met jazz characters who suddenly came to life from record labels and discographies. Eddie's joint had all the old world charm of a Prohibition era speakeasy and a musty pool-hall with seats for the customers. On a dais at the end the Condon gang gave out with a style of jazz that was neat and satisfactorily predictable. And they were all fabulous improvisers; Eddie himself, a nicely lit-up mine host, suddenly picking up his guitar and joining in the festivities; Pee-Wee Russell, jazzman extraordinary, who played his clarinet like a 'growl' trumpet; 'Georgia' Wettling the drummer and Gene Schroader, a piano player who made records with Bix Beiderbecke and others in the nineteen-twenties. Jimmy McPartland, the cornetist and Bud Freeman, tenor saxophonist, also ex-Bixians, dropped in later during the night. And of course there was 'Wild Bill' Davison on trumpet. Now you've never met a jazz musician until you've met Bill. He sat on the stand chewing gum seraphically between breaks; when his own solo came along he took out the wad, placed it carefully on the chair in front of him, went one, two with his left foot and took off on those driving choruses that are strictly from the sky. He told me he wanted to come out to Australia one day; he had a beautiful blonde wife, an unslakeable thirst for Scotch, and a fund of stories that was endless.

Every movement of course has its counter. Also side by side with the traditionalist revival was the evolution of what is now variously called 'progressive', 'cool' or 'modern' jazz. To what extent it arose, Phoenix-like from the ashes of the swing era, in the nineteen-forties, and its debt to the 'be-bop' innovators over this period—Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Theolonius Monk et al—is arguable. But at any rate the emergence of the 'modern' music played by Brubeck, Tristano, Gerry Mulligan, John Lewis and others has been a valuable contribution to the readier acceptance of jazz, especially by adherents of classical music. For some of these musicians are students of Darius Milhaud, Copland and Bartok; their objective has been to superimpose the harmonic complexities of these modern composers on to the rhythmic structure of jazz, through the medium of popular melodies. Now this has not been in any sense an effort to win 'respectability' for their music. Basically, although commercial success has come their way, they have, in the tradition of jazzmen of all times, and in all places, produced music for personal pleasure. And the enthusiastic reception of Brubeck in the Adelaide Town Hall but reflected the similar success of a group of young classically-trained Adelaide musicians (who

found fame in the USA as the Australian Jazz Quartette) in New York's Carnegie Hall. Modern jazz is as fundamental now to the idiom as Dixieland; what is more significant is that in it lies the one possible cure for the creeping paralysis which has afflicted today's 'popular' music, whose sterile harmonic conventions have failed to develop beyond Tin Pan Alley text-books and the latter-day atrocities of 'Rock and Roll'.

The final chapter in this case-book of jazz has been written by the belated fame suddenly descending on the folk-, blues-, gospel-singers. Of course Sister Rosetta Tharpe, Josh White, James Rushing and the rest of them have been in and out of records for years. But the spectacle of teen-agers of today shouting the songs of Tennessee prostitutes, Louisiana convicts, Alabama gamblers and Southern revivalist meetings is an ironic twist of the wheel! 'Big Bill' Broonzy has just been 'discovered'; there has been standing room only at his recent European concerts. Yet along with other great blues singers like Leroy Carr, and 'Blind Lemon' Jefferson, he made most of his recordings in the nineteen-thirties. Mahalia Jackson, a fantastic gospel-singer recently thrilled a packed Albert Hall to the marrow. But her superb bell of sound has been on record for years with very few outside the minority of collectors being aware of it.

Mahalia is an amazing woman, as I discovered when I ran into her in Toronto where she was broadcasting for the CBC during a concert season at the Massey Hall. I daresay Mahalia could stand near the Archibald Fountain in Sydney on a clear day and be heard at the bottom end of Macquarie Street. She had an entourage of minor priestesses, altar girls, a sharply dressed business manager, a portable harmonium, and a mysterious gent called 'The Reverend' who stuck me up for fifty dollars when I asked Mahalia to do a radio interview, and eventually was prepared to come down to ten. 'For the Mission,' he said. Mahalia, big-bosomed and affable, wore bright purple clothes with lipstick to match; she told me she had known Bessie Smith in the old days and had learned to sing at street-corner gospel meetings.

But her sincerity is beyond doubt, and to hear her sing is an experience to cherish. One realizes, as Alex Korner says, that ultimately 'only the absolute faith of the African could produce a feeling like this; the faith was essential to the being and it is this firm belief in intrinsic values which makes such music as jazz'.[2] Faith and values, one might add, plus the

[2] 'Ragtime, Ringshouts and Hollers' in *Jazz Book 1955*, Cassell, London.

understanding that if you spoke your complaints you could be flogged, but if you sang them nobody would touch you.

Down the years a minority group in practically all countries of the world has maintained a passionate propaganda. If ever there was an international sodality it is these jazz collectors and enthusiasts who have laid up treasures on earth, in wax, and can recite tattered discographies by heart. Theirs has not been an easy row to hoe either. Because jazz is created and not strictly speaking reproduced, its writers (the literature of jazz is considerable and has probably been a factor too in its eventual acceptance) have suffered the serious disability of having to rely on memories and legends rather than on the collectively improvised music itself. There has thus followed a good deal of emotional extremism as to personalities (the extant recordings of Bix Beiderbecke have never measured up to his reputation) and confused criteria as to performances. Moreover many jazz lovers have never really understood the problem of why jazz, originally an urban folk music should simultaneously have developed towards a commercial 'pop' music on the one hand and an esoteric music for musicans on the other.

The best answer has been given by English jazz critic Francis Newton who associates the triumphant emergence of the idiom with the deep hunger of an inexpert world-wide public for an international music of protest. (In this connection, too, there are the experiments of Rexroth's and Logue's poetry being read against a jazz background.) Jazz, says Mr Newton, 'is what happens when a folk music does not go under, but maintains itself in the environment of modern urban and industrial civilization'.[3]

But in all this the jazz enthusiast who has weathered good times and bad since the Louis Armstrong Hot Five days, while he can still relax and enjoy his music as he has always done, at least now is spared the bother of having to rationalize his appreciation; his use of jazz for a vicarious involvement with life. Indeed jazz, as far as it goes, is what life is about.

Clement Semmler

[3] *The Jazz Scene*, McGibbon & Kee, London, 1959.

THE STATUS OF AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES

Ronald M. Berndt

IN ASSESSING the legal position of the Australian Aborigines, it is difficult in a brief outline to treat the subject in other than a very general way. On the one hand, conditions differ from State to State. On the other there is the question of the 'letter of the law' in respect of Aborigines, as contrasted with its practical application: the gap is often quite wide. Except for certain broad principles, then, there is no clear uniformity in this matter. Yet it is important that we, as Australians, should see at least something of the total picture in perspective. Especially is this relevant in reviewing the initial stages of our growth as a nation-state, since the historical heritage upon which our future traditions will be based includes our relations with these First Australians. It seems to me important that this history should not be unduly falsified. But more immediately important are the 'facts' concerning the actual position of these people today.

Section 10 of the Federal Nationality and Citizenship Act, 1948-55, states that every Aboriginal born in Australia is a citizen of the Commonwealth. During a debate in the Federal Parliament on issues associated with apartheid in South Africa the Prime Minister, on 31 March 1960, claimed that Australian Government policy in regard to the Australian Aborigines had always been fair and just: that we had nothing whatever with which to reproach ourselves as 'white' Australians. Both these statements, however, are very far away indeed from the truth of the matter.

Each Australian State, excluding Tasmania, has its own set of regulations (known by different names: Ordinance, Native Welfare Act, etc.): rules to which certain Aborigines and part-Aborigines within its territorial boundaries are legally subject. The content differs from one State to another, although there are some common themes and aims. Notwithstanding the Nationality and Citizenship Act already mentioned, then, the prior claims of separate State Aboriginal Acts, Ordinances or Regulations have blocked its implementation. Citizenship is for these people, in most cases, something which has to be earned. It is not regarded as their birthright, as it is for other natural-

born Australians, but is hedged in with more restrictions than it is for New Australians. Their right to it depends on certain criteria, the most important being an Aboriginal applicant's approximation in education and cultural perspective to what are taken to be Australian-European standards of living. But in addition there are further requirements, not usually associated with questions regarding citizenship where members of the wider community are concerned. Morality, liquor-drinking, employment and 'good behaviour' (variously defined) are taken into consideration here.

Most State departments of native affairs have been to some extent influenced by the Commonwealth (which is directly responsible for administering the Northern Territory), in that they have within recent years adopted what is sometimes viewed as a 'progressive policy of assimilation'. The granting of exemption certificates and citizenship is therefore much more general than it was. The detailed provisions current in each State will not be listed here; but usually exemption is taken to mean that the possessor of such a certificate desires to live a life independent of Government guidance, assistance and supervision, within the wider community. After his exemption the Aboriginal regulations will no longer apply to him; but before he achieves this, judgment on that score is made by the local authorities. In Western Australia and South Australia the concession of full citizenship cannot be revoked; in New South Wales and Queensland it can. The Commonwealth Government has introduced a rather different procedure for the Northern Territory. According to the 1953 Welfare Ordinance all Aborigines in that Territory were, by implication, full citizens of Australia. However, full-bloods as well as part-Aborigines not possessing the franchise there are liable to be declared wards, and a mere handful have not been so designated. To avoid this, an applicant must prove to a Judge of the Northern Territory that he or she no longer needs the care and guidance provided by the Ordinance. In Western Australia, in 1958, a valiant effort was made to pass through the State parliament a full Citizenship Rights Bill: this was strongly opposed by the Opposition (now in power since 1959).

As far as the franchise is concerned, there is no statutory provision in New South Wales, Victoria and South Australia to prevent an Aboriginal (either full-blood or part-Aboriginal) from voting: the fact that few take advantage of this is another matter. In Queensland, Western Australia and the Northern Territory exempted natives may exercise this right, but natives-

in-law (i.e., those to whom the Aboriginal regulations apply) may not.

The present legal position, then, is that all over Australia it is now possible for people of Aboriginal and part-Aboriginal descent to be granted full Australian citizenship. The hurdles they must overcome to gain this are in most cases difficult to surmount, and in no case is the transmission automatic. The position, in respect of citizenship, is open to quite severe criticism: yet it is infinitely better than it was a decade or so ago.

It is not possible here to note, except very briefly indeed, the positive benefits which Aborigines and part-Aborigines receive from the separate State governments immediately responsible for their welfare. From being initially organizations which were concerned mainly with handing out rations and other amenities, these have mostly become complex administrative units which deal with a variety of relevant problems, while other State departments, most notably Education, are coming to play a much more important part. In addition, Missions are increasing their activities, and there is a fair amount of unevenly informed public opinion and interest. The main emphasis is on the adjustment of these people to Australian-European ways, the goal being, as already mentioned, their eventual absorption into the general community.

The expansion of Social Services which took place in July 1959 has a direct bearing on this plan. Aborigines, unless they are 'nomadic or primitive' (a phrase which has not been adequately clarified and is open to varying interpretations), now qualify for old age, invalid and widows' pensions and maternity allowances, on the same basis as other Australians. They are in effect, 'unless nomadic', already eligible for child endowment, unemployment and sickness benefits on much the same conditions. The crucial point here is the expression 'nomadic or primitive'. To put it another way, the distinction implied is between the traditionally-oriented, living under what are regarded as 'tribal' conditions, and those who are oriented along European-Australian lines and are becoming increasingly sophisticated in those terms. The latter are closer to the hypothetical boundary over which they may pass to become ordinary Australian citizens. All, sophisticated and unsophisticated alike, unless they have been 'exempted', are expected to adhere to a set of rules over and above the ordinary regulations formally and informally enforced in our own society. These are not necessarily understood by the majority, but the pressures toward conformity are felt by most. The fact that these regulations

exist, and that sanctions are enforced when needs be, is sufficient to demonstrate that all Aborigines are subject to 'white' Australian control and are incorporated into the Australian social and cultural setting. They are part and parcel of the wider Australian community, whether or not they realize this, and whether or not they are treated as equals within it.

While the situation as far as the Aborigines are concerned leaves much to be desired, Australian native policy generally is on the whole reasonably well informed, its administrators as conscientious as most, and tangible aid has within recent years been considerable. The results of all this effort are difficult to measure. If the main criterion is whether these Aborigines are becoming more Europeanized, less 'Aboriginal', then we can say that the stipulated aims are being achieved slowly but surely. But the problem is not just one of people moving from an Aboriginal traditional situation automatically, and by easy stages, into a non-Aboriginal one. This path is strewn with difficulties. On the other hand, the present state of affairs may not be appreciated unless we consider the historical background of Aboriginal-European contact, as a consequence of which 'Aborigines' are scattered all along the figurative path referred to above. This brings us back to the statement made recently by our Prime Minister concerning the good conditions which have existed and do exist for the Australian Aborigines.

It is not popular in present circumstances to recall the 'bad old days'—which extended from early settlement of Europeans in this country until (in some areas) the early nineteen forties. Massacre, violence and maltreatment were familiar enough then, if not commonplace. Aborigines were regarded as sub-human animals on the one hand, and on the other as 'children of nature' to be protected both from themselves and from the Europeans with whom they came in contact: representatives of early man, low down in the evolutionary scale, and hence resistant or unresponsive to any endeavours which might be made to adjust them to a different social and cultural environment. Such conditions, when mentioned at all, are invoked mainly to point up the contrast with how good things are today: 'what is past is past: it's no good reviving incidents which can only contribute to ill-feeling and obscurantism'. But although our memory may be short, the question of past atrocities is not so easily disposed of. They still live in the memories of many people of Aboriginal descent, and influence their attitudes and behaviour today. They are factors which must be taken into account if we are to understand the present-day situation.

Violence and maltreatment are not so easy to get away with these days, under the watchful eyes of welfare department officials, anthropologists and humanitarians; but there is still much scope for exploitation, particularly in certain 'marginal' areas: for instance, irregularities in regard to payment for work; abuses as far as Social Service payments are concerned; over-charging by storekeepers and others, and by intermediaries obtaining liquor for natives-in-law; enforced sexual relations. There are examples too of police chaining of 'prisoners' and 'witnesses'; the disparaging, more or less on principle, of evidence given by Aborigines in courts of law; curfews or restrictions in some country towns, and so on. In an outstanding recent case in the Northern Territory, a young Aboriginal woman was formally married to a 'white' Australian although during the preliminary negotiations she already had a tribal husband with whom she had been living in a recognized union for a number of years. Although this formal marriage was initially opposed by the Director of Welfare for the Northern Territory, public opinion as manifested through the Press, with the aid of a Christian Church, eventually over-rode his decision. The incident could be taken as indicating that a tribal marriage would not be regarded as a legal union in a Northern Territory court of law. The implications of this are quite far-reaching.

Attitudes toward Aborigines are changing, although this is much more apparent in cities and larger towns than in outback regions, where the maintenance of ideas about the inferiority of Aborigines helps to justify economic and other exploitation. This is linked to some extent with Aboriginal population density. The more numerous they are in a given area, with the exception of course of Mission and Government settlements, the less sympathetic local attitudes toward them are likely to be. As in the early days of settlement of this Continent, the most tolerant are usually those people who have little or nothing to do with them. This underlines the principle that the more we have to do with a particular group of people, the greater the opportunities for misunderstanding and conflict. In other words, we can afford to be magnanimous when Aborigines are few in number and represent no threat to our way of life. Adult Aborigines are less frequently referred to these days by such derogatory terms as 'primitive' and 'stone age', suggesting limited intellectual ability and adaptability, and there is greater appreciation of them as contemporary human beings. But the question of protection is still an important one, especially where these people remain unsophisticated as far as our own way of life is concerned—as

most of them still do. And further there is the fact that they are dependent, now, on European-Australians.

Before the coming of the 'white' man, and in some parts of the continent for a long time afterwards, these Aborigines were organized independently as tribal or linguistic units. They were non-literate, semi-nomadic hunters and food-collectors, placing little stress on the possession of material objects; their shelters were rudimentary and impermanent, their technical skills circumscribed, and they preferred to go naked. These tangible evidences of their way of living contrasted sharply with those of the intruding Europeans, who did not always look beyond them to discover that this apparent simplicity cloaked a mature and colourful, and in some cases quite complex, culture and social pattern. This was the case with their religion, their oral literature, songs, music and art and, not least, their ordering of social relationships. One would not expect most settlers in a new country to be particularly interested in such features. They would, of necessity, be more concerned with making a living, carving out a new life in a strange land. Yet this general indifference to traditional Aboriginal life has persisted up to the present.

The settlers, taking the Aborigines at what they considered to be their 'face value', were even in their better moods mostly unimpressed or extremely critical. On other occasions, and for various reasons, they considered them unworthy of respect. It was not long before Aborigines in the more fertile areas, which were gradually being settled, were deprived of their land and all the natural resources within it. In varying degrees, and at different times throughout the years, this process was repeated until only the most inhospitable areas were left relatively untouched. Almost overnight these people found themselves deprived of independence, increasingly subordinated to alien dictates and, for better or for worse, gradually being drawn into a system which was at first incomprehensible to them. Of course, many were 'saved' from experiencing the consequences of the loss of their own country, made doubly unbearable because of their deep religious association with the land and all within it, and their direct dependence on it for the supplying of all their basic needs: a relationship of oneness with nature, in contrast with our own practice of developing a buffer between man and nature, or an opposition to nature. In other words, depopulation frequently followed their contact with the outside world. Firearms, in conjunction with introduced diseases to which they had no immunity (including venereal diseases)

and maltreatment took their toll, and some tribal units became extinct quite early in the history of settlement. Further out in the Bush, however, were still Aborigines untouched by these inroads.

There were occasional clashes with Europeans, but because political organization in traditional Aboriginal society was poorly developed there were no concerted attacks, and no real attempt to defend their own interests. And this situation has persisted until the present day. On another count too, apart from cultural and ideological divergences between themselves and the newcomers, they found initial difficulty in coping with what was for them a very different type of situation. Traditionally, the Aborigines were conservative. Emphasis was generally on non-change, on maintaining the *status quo*, continuing the way of life which was instituted by the great Spirit Beings. (Of course, this is not to suggest that here was an archaic society, arrested in time: an emphasis on non-change does not necessarily mean that no change took place.) They therefore found it hard to adapt and adjust themselves to changing patterns, externally imposed.

However, because their survival as persons depended on it, more and more of them explored all available avenues through which to obtain a livelihood: casual unskilled work, prostitution, begging and so on. In some areas they found refuge on Mission and Government settlements. In others they began to be employed on pastoral stations. Those in the Bush were attracted to such settlements, and their visits back for hunting and collecting food became less frequent as new needs were developed. At first it was largely a matter of curiosity, but imperceptibly they were committed to a way of life which was becoming gradually their own. Gradually too their traditional behaviour patterns were being modified, and European elements incorporated in such a way that a composite configuration resulted. In many cases it was still possible to separate out these disparate features. For some, traditional ceremony and ritual, among other things, still meant a great deal; for others they did not. A continual process of adjustment and adaptation was taking place: not rapid, because of initial conservatism, but cumulative and reinforced by European pressures. In some areas it was slowed down because of incoming Bush people, when Aboriginal ways were stimulated and strengthened. But this was the exception rather than the rule, and in any case the stimulus was usually short-lived. In all but a few country towns and cities, however, there was no such Aboriginal buffer. There the Aborigines for

the most part became to all intents and purposes European-Australians, retaining their physical appearance (although this was less apparent where part-Aborigines predominated) but losing almost entirely their traditional Aboriginal heritage.

The situation today, in this respect, could be viewed in the form of a continuum. At one end are those people who maintain basically their Aboriginal view of life: who, although influenced by European-Australians, retain most of their own beliefs and behaviour patterns. This category is becoming increasingly smaller, while no Aborigines remain unaffected by the impact of the outside world. At the other extreme, as far as those who can be identified in one way or another as 'Aboriginal' are concerned, are semi-sophisticated, European-oriented people who know little or nothing of their Aboriginal background. It is from this category that many merge into the wider community, losing their 'Aboriginal' identification; but it is within this category too that many more remain socially anchored.

Although those involved are culturally the same as many European-Australians, socially they are blocked from more general interaction with members of that wider community. Those with whom they most frequently come in contact are on one hand administrative and government officials, missionaries and welfare workers. On the other, outside their own small communities and neighbourhoods, their associations are mainly with one section of our society—the economically depressed and poorly educated. But even these are restricted, and the problem here is a minority one.

Most Aborigines, however, are found somewhere along the continuum, in various phases of adjustment to changing conditions: and, inevitably, the movement is toward the European-Australian end of that continuum. Depending on a number of factors, administrative as well as other, some interesting developments may take place. There may be attempts to recreate the past and, not so common in Australia as in New Guinea and other parts of the world, 'revitalization' or 'reactionary' movements designed to achieve either some measure of independence or a rapprochement in their own terms. But because the Aborigines are relatively few in number, because there is no co-ordinating force which can bring them together (since common identification in terms of Aboriginality is insufficient), and because European-Australian influence is overwhelming, it is fairly clear that given present conditions they have no real choice in the matter.

The official goal facing all people of Aboriginal descent is

assimilation. The cumulative process of adjustment to what is, for many of them, a rapidly changing social and cultural environment is reinforced by improved educational facilities and increasing commitment to European forms of employment, with pressures for conformity to European patterns of living, adherence to an Australia-wide legal code, dependence on Social Services, and the shadow of Native Welfare regulations. There is no place in this process, under these circumstances, for the retention of any more than a small part of Aboriginal traditional life. That, of course, is not always realized by the people involved in this transition. Moreover, the disappearance of all Aboriginal features need not be an inevitable outcome. There is a trend, here and there, in some educational programmes for instance, to take this Aboriginal heritage into account. But usually in such cases it is viewed primarily as an interim measure, a means to another and definite end: to help the adults or the children, as the case may be, to adjust more easily and more surely to our kind of society.

Official policies have wavered, at a verbal level, between assimilation on one hand and integration on the other. As far as the latter is concerned, this implies some retention of Aboriginal elements, but a close approximation on most counts to the composition of the dominant group. Whether this is seen as an intermediate phase or as something of long range significance, it means that under such conditions they will remain a socially restricted group within the wider framework of our society, with the qualities of a minority. There are already a number of examples more or less like this scattered over this Continent, and there are certain inherent dangers in such a situation. Such a group, for instance, is extremely vulnerable to prejudice, and discriminatory treatment and legislation. The goal of assimilation, although it is at the expense of Aboriginal traditional heritage, offers far more hope for the people concerned. For some it is close at hand, for others it is temporarily blocked, for the majority it is two to three and even more generations away.

When we speak of the Aboriginal problem, what we really mean is the common problem of the adjustment of these people to new ways. But local situations vary, not only in the conditions which may or may not be congenial for this, but in the particular phase or phases of Aboriginal-European contact relevant to them. Futhermore, we are not dealing with a people whose ways of living were entirely the same. Although they had much in common, there was and is quite marked diversity throughout the Continent. In addition, European impact has not been either

simultaneous or uniform, while differences in State policies have already been noted. Cutting across these latter and often modifying their effects have been fluctuating public opinion and missionary activity, among other things. On the whole, and comparing the accomplishments in this field over the last couple of decades with what has gone before, it is quite evident that conditions have improved a great deal. People of Aboriginal origin are more assured of consideration, sympathetic treatment and informed aid. For the most part they are not viewed as equal in status to other Australians (except in isolated cases, while in others they may be considered to be so far 'outside' the wider community that such considerations do not arise). Moreover they suffer from many legal disabilities or, rather, are involved in a further range over and above those relevant to most other Australians. Nevertheless the ideal (officially sponsored) is one of eventual equality with other members of our community. While ideals rarely coincide with actuality, it seems possible—on the face of existing conditions—that with improved education and economic security they will demand this for themselves.

Ronald M. Berndt

AUTUMN GRASSES

Thomas W. Shapcott

As time reveals the town with autumn things
the brittle grasses move within its light
to hint the wild sun in some wider flight,
some vaster dance, than this that spills and sings
through their transfigured leaves—a moment strings
the grass-fields into vision!
O Christ of night,
Name of our poverty, tear out this sight
and leave us safe and blind from all true things!

Spare us this privilege to guess or see
the true grace of the endless enemy,
give us along our own mortality.

The simple grasses stretch at purity,
the autumn grasses grace and guess and toss—
O let us have our blindness back, our loss!

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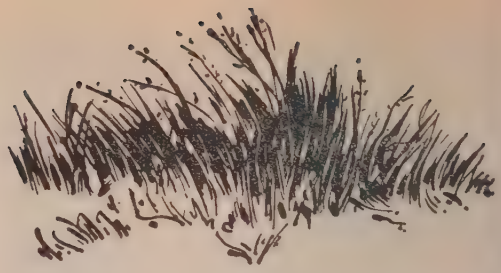

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COMMUNISM AND ANTI-SEMITISM

Erich Goldhagen

THE existence of anti-Semitism in the USSR, its employment as a tool by the Communist leadership, and its absorption into the *Weltanschauung* of the 'New Class' should no longer come as a surprise to anyone familiar with the realities of Soviet life. Yet few are aware of the genealogy of this unique phenomenon—of its historical roots and ideological evolution. For it is a fact that anti-Semitism is not alien to the radical tradition—in Western Europe, and more particularly in Russia. Indeed, the ancestry of Communist anti-Semitism may be traced to the precursors of Leninism and Stalinism—the revolutionary terrorists, the so-called 'Populists', who dominated the revolutionary scene in Russia in the second half of the nineteenth century.

When socialism as a current of political thought made its appearance in Western Europe, it tended to look upon the Jews with unfriendly eyes, regarding them as the embodiment of those qualities of social life which socialists denounced as evil and which they were sworn to undo. Barred from the ownership of land and excluded from the Guilds, the Jews had long ago been driven to devote themselves primarily to the pursuit of commerce; and throughout Western Europe the name Jew came to be almost synonymous with that of trader. The belief was thus born that the pursuit of money was a national vocation of the Jews, enjoined by their religion and practised with unrivalled skill and zeal. It seemed that the spirit of commerce had found its purest embodiment and its consummate practitioners in the Jews.

The Jews thus incurred the contempt and hatred that socialists harboured against the world of finance. The comprehensive condemnation of commerce and finance as useless and parasitic occupations, as unproductive activities whereby those who shun honest labour could derive undeserved riches from the toil of others was bound to embrace the Jews. It was this outlook which Marx in part echoed in his famous essay *Zur Judenfrage*:

> What is the object of the Jew's worship in this world? Usury. What is his worldly god? Money. . . . Money is the zealous one God of Israel, beside which no other God may stand. Money degrades all the gods of mankind and turns them into commodities. Money is the universal and self-constituted value set upon all things. It has therefore robbed the whole world, of both nature and man, of its original value. Money is the essence of man's life and work, which have become alienated from him. This alien monster rules him and he worships it.

In Russia, too, disdain towards the Jews was the prevalent attitude of the early revolutionaries. The abysmal conditions of the Jews—constrained in their movement, compelled to live only in assigned regions known as the Pale of Settlement, and reduced (save for a tiny minority) to a state of poverty verging on starvation—evoked little sympathy in the breasts of the radical intellectuals of the eighteen-seventies and the eighteen-eighties, however virulent their hatred of the Tsarist autocracy.

In the Spring and Summer of 1881 a wave of violence swept through the southern part of the Pale of Settlement. Over one hundred Jewish communities were visited by orgies of destruction, claiming, apart from enormous material damage, scores of dead and hundreds of wounded. This outbreak of unprovoked brute force visited upon a defenceless community moved the Executive Committee of the Narodnaya Volya (People's Will)—the largest revolutionary-terroristic organization at that time—to issue a proclamation in Ukrainian on 30 August, 1881, blessing the riots and exhorting the peasants to further violence against 'the parasitic Jews' and the 'Tsar of the Jews'. 'The people of the Ukraine', the proclamation stated, 'suffer more than anyone else from the Jews . . . you have already begun to rise against the Jews . . . you have done well.'

This proclamation cannot be simply explained, of course, by the anti-Semitic spirit of the radical intelligentsia. No doubt its authors were imbued with anti-Semitic prejudices; yet it would be naïve to assume, for instance, that they were in earnest in affixing the label 'Tsar of the Jews' on Alexander III: his disdain for the Jews, and his oppressive and discriminatory policies against them were certainly known to the leaders of the Narodnaya Volya. Thus there is little doubt that the proclamation was first and foremost a *calculated device*. Underlying it, apart from the Bakuninist conviction that the 'passion for destruction is a constructive passion', lay Machiavellian calculation, the wish and the hope that the violence against the Jews would be extended to the autocracy. By linking the Jews with the Tsar, the leaders of the Narodnaya Volya sought to telescope the pogroms into the social revolution, to fan its fire into a conflagration engulfing the authorities. They were consciously lying, but to their minds this was a 'noble lie', graced by the lofty purpose it served. The blood of the Jews might have been wholly innocent, but it was nonetheless the 'lubricant on the wheels of revolution'.

In the society of radical émigrés in Geneva, one by the name of Zhukovsky defended the pogroms in the following terms:

> Sixty per cent of the Jewish population are engaged in commerce. This is the background against which the peasant hunts down the Jew. . . . To be sure, from a humanitarian standpoint, it is a piece of barbarism when peasants fall like savages upon a frightened Jew and beat him until he bleeds. However, take this event in the context of social dynamics. Why does he beat? Because beating is his political ballot. He has no other way of venting his wrath against his exploitation by the government. It is indeed a pity that the peasant beats the Jew—the most innocent of his exploiters. But he beats, and this is the beginning of his struggle for liberation. When . . . his fists will have grown strong and hard he will strike those who are above the Jews.

But even those radicals who did not view the pogroms with approval could not bring themselves to call for an end to the bloodshed. Anti-Semitism was endemic to the Russian peasantry. It was its daily psychic bread designed to still the grievances and frustrations born of hunger—hunger for land and hunger for food. The Russian intelligentsia which had for two decades tried with only limited success to strike roots in the Russian peasantry, to secure its confidence and to persuade it to follow the intellectuals as the champions of its aspirations, feared that by showing concern for the Jews they would unwittingly alienate the peasants. To come out in defence of the Jews would have branded them as 'Jewish stooges'. Was it worth endangering, for the sake of a small national minority, the cause of socialism? These were the arguments with which radicals who had dissociated themselves from violence justified their refusal to come out publicly against the pogroms.

The succeeding generation of Russian revolutionaries did not share the Populist view that anti-Semitic outrages have a redemptive quality. Manifestations of anti-Semitism were not tolerated in the Marxist-Socialist movement which dominated the Russian revolutionary scene during the next two decades. Indeed, by the turn of the century both Russian and West European socialists tended to view anti-Semitism in a new light. Hitherto, socialists have regarded it as a misguided protest against existing social conditions by petty bourgeois and proletarians—'the socialism of fools', in the words of August Bebel. They had hoped that sooner or later those ensnared by it would recognize that not only capitalist Jews were the cause of their misery but Gentile and Jewish capitalists alike; and that this recognition would bring them into the fold of socialism. But when it seemed that instead of being a vestibule of socialism, anti-Semitism had become a useful tool in the hands of the ruling class, the socialist attitude changed. Anti-Semitism came to be treated unequivocally as a hostile ideology. During the two decades before 1917, there were few recorded overt expressions of anti-Jewish bias

in the Russian socialist movement. In fact, there is no doubt that by and large the leaders of the Russian socialist parties did not harbour anti-Semitic sentiments.

After the October Revolution the Bolsheviks adopted an uncompromising attitude against anti-Semitism. As the White armies converged to extinguish the infant regime with the battle-cry 'Beat the Jews and Save Russia', the denunciation of anti-Semitism as counter-revolutionary became not only a duty enjoined by faith but a course dictated by the imperatives of the struggle in which the Bolsheviks were engaged. The weapon had to be wrested from the hands of those seeking to restore the *ancien regime*. Anti-Semitism was outlawed and suppressed; and the Red Army was hailed by the Jews as a protector and liberator from the White troops which were bringing upon them nothing but death and destruction. Anti-Semitism could not figure in any indictment drawn up against the Soviet dictatorship during the nineteen-twenties. But with the advent of the nineteen-thirties a new picture began to unfold itself.

The revival of Great Russian nationalism under Stalin's dispensation in the early nineteen-thirties created a climate less congenial to the Jews than that which had prevailed throughout the preceding decade. The old revolutionary leadership reared in the tradition of Marxist internationalism was replaced by a new generation of bureaucrats imbued with that peculiar mixture of Marxist militancy and Russian chauvinism which henceforth was to mark the ethos of Soviet society.

A chilly wind began to envelop the Jews, especially the Jewish intelligentsia which had been everywhere in the modern world the bearer of cosmopolitanism. In this new climate the dictatorship was less disposed to resist the envious and subdued demands that the high proportion of the Jews in administrative positions and universities be reduced and that the vacancies thus created be filled by native sons. Indeed, the dictatorship viewed such restrictive measures as salutary: they would earn the regime fresh popularity at home, and at the same time blunt the edge of anti-Communist propaganda throughout the world (emanating from the extreme right) that Mother Russia had fallen under the domination of the Judeo-Communist conspiracy. Accordingly, the Soviet government proceeded to reduce sharply the number of Jews in the leading bodies of the party and government, to introduce a *numerus clausus* into some institutions of higher learning, and virtually to exclude Jews from the diplomatic service. To be a Jew again became a source of discomfort and a handicap.

These measures did not spring from anti-Semitic sentiment in the strict traditional sense of the term, but were motivated by coldly calculated *raison d'état*. They were sometimes accompanied by regrets (privately voiced) about the necessity of sacrificing principles to this greater consideration.

In 1948 Soviet policy towards the Jews acquired a fresh and disturbing dimension. If hitherto anti-Semitism had been a tool wielded with dispassion and calculated moderation without deeply engaging the spirit of the Communist leaders, and affecting only those Jews aspiring to careers in certain fields, now it was fed by passion and conviction, and was directed against the entire Jewish community.

The affection and enthusiasm displayed by the Jews of Russia for the newly created state of Israel, to whose birth the Soviet Union itself had made a modest contribution, provoked Stalin's suspicion that the Jews were an untrustworthy element whose ties with their numerous brethren abroad made them potential traitors. He proceeded to treat them accordingly. He decided not only to render them harmless by encouraging their removal from jobs as security risks, but also to extinguish their ethnic consciousness. With characteristic totalitarian swiftness all Jewish cultural institutions were abolished and several hundred Yiddish writers were arrested: the more prominent among them were executed after a secret trial (in 1952), while others expired in the penal camps of the arctic wasteland. The entry 'Jews' in the Soviet Encyclopedia appearing during that period described the Jews as if they were an extinct tribe. Before World War II an elaborate network of cultural institutions had served the Jews of Russia: schools attended by over one hundred thousand children, a Yiddish press, a large and prolific Yiddish literary community, and a theatre rated among the best in the Soviet Union. By the autumn of 1948 almost nothing was left in existence. By a stroke of the dictator's pen all organized Jewish endeavour came to an abrupt end. Only a score or so of defunct synagogues survived. These and the withered label of Birobidzhan still incongruously attached to that region of the Amur, which had never acquired a Jewish character and in which the Jews formed a hopeless minority, were the only visible signs of a community of two and a half million.

From 1948 until the death of Stalin Soviet Jews lived under a reign of terror amid rumours of their imminent mass deportation.

The death of Stalin and the acquittal of the doctors involved in the 'Doctors' Plot', as well as *Pravda's* (6 April, 1953) admission

that the affair of the doctors was a 'fabrication' intended to 'inflame nationalist hostilities among the Soviet peoples', removed the nightmare which had hovered over the Jewish community. The terror relented. But the fundamentals of Stalin's policies towards the Jews were retained. As in many other spheres of Communist endeavour the Stalinist aims were preserved, only the methods were changed. The carrot gained ascendancy over the stick, the peaceful incentive over terror, the indirect approach over the direct brutal assault.

Stalin's heirs, in the process of their cautious detachment from the most severe features of Stalin's legacy, set out to right the wrongs inflicted on some nationalities. It will be recalled that seven other ethnic groups had fallen victim to Stalin's suspicion and vindictiveness: the Ingush, the Chechens, the Volga Germans, the Crimean Tartars, the Kalmyks, the Karachai and the Balkars. All of them were uprooted at various times during World War II and banished in their entirety, including members of the party and the Komsomol, to remote places. The preamble to the official decree published in *Izvestia* (26 June, 1946) announcing, two years after the expulsion, the dissolution of the Chechen-Ingush and the Crimean Tartar autonomous republics, stated that collective punishment had been meted out for the failure of the peoples to combat those in their midst who were collaborating with the German enemy. It was this tribal notion of justice which Krushchev included in his indictment of Stalin at the Twentieth Party Congress:

> Not only a Marxist-Leninist but also no man of common sense can grasp how it is possible to make whole nations responsible for inimical activity, including women, children, old people, Communists and Komsomols, to use mass repression against them, and to expose them to misery and suffering for the hostile acts of individual persons or groups of persons.

The repressed nationalities have since been restored to their public identity and some have even been permitted to return to their native lands. They ceased to be Orwellian 'un-peoples'.

This wholesale rehabilitation has not embraced the Jews. To be sure the Jews had not been deported—although Soviet Jews are convinced that only Stalin's death saved them from that fate. But condemned to the status of an 'un-people', they had been marked out for cultural extinction and their institutions had been destroyed. However, it would seem that in Krushchev's view this particular action of Stalin did not fall into the category of 'monstrous acts' and 'rude violations of the basic Leninist principles of the nationality policy of the Soviet state'; it was a deed of prudent statesmanship. In the course of an interview with a Canadian Communist delegation, Krushchev, in

one of the unguarded moments of candour to which he is so often given, showed himself to share Stalin's view of the Jews as inherent security risks. 'Krushchev,' relates the Canadian Communist, Salsberg, 'agreed with Stalin that the Crimea, which had been depopulated at the war's end, should not be turned into a Jewish colonization centre, because in case of war it would be turned into a base for attacking the USSR. . . .'

Surely, a people harbouring such a ready propensity to treason could not be allowed to possess cultural institutions fostering and perpetuating that tendency.

Stalin's heirs are determined not to revoke the edict against the cultural life of the Jews. The pleadings of a British Communist group asking that Yiddish schools and the theatre be restored were met by Suslov with a categorical refusal befitting that grim guardian of orthodoxy: 'No, these things will not be reinstituted.'

The obduracy has been maintained by the Soviet leaders in spite of its unfavourable impression on Western opinion, which has displayed anxiety over the lot of the Jews, and in spite of the injuries inflicted on Communist parties with a substantial proportion of Jewish members. Three Communist delegations have taken up the Jewish question with the highest Soviet leaders: a Canadian delegation in August 1956; a British delegation in October of the same year; and a deputation of French Jewish Communists which journeyed to Moscow with the blessing of Thorez early in 1958 for the express purpose of dissuading the Soviet leaders from their present policy towards the Jewish minority. All returned empty-handed.

Disillusioned and embittered, Jewish Communists in Canada, the United States and Britain have deserted their parties in large numbers. For many years they had nourished a vision of Soviet Russia which bore little resemblance to reality. Their imagination had seen a land in which a multi-national brotherhood informed by love was labouring toward the realization of Utopia under the guidance of dedicated leaders, all of them paragons of Leninist virtue, stern, determined, ruthless against enemies but full of solicitude for the oppressed everywhere. In the aftermath of Stalin's death the veil of illusion dissolved. J.B.Salsberg, leader of the Canadian CP and a member of the delegation to the USSR, after an interview of two hours, found the First Secretary of the Communist Party and presumed custodian of Marxism-Leninism to be a man possessed of 'a backward prejudice against the Jewish group as a people . . . a prejudice which sharply contradicts the Marxist mode of thought'. His

'statements smack of Great Russian chauvinism. . . . His approach to the problem of Jewish nationality is an unforgivable violation of socialist democracy.' Soon afterwards, Salsberg resigned from the party and was followed in this action by a large number of Jews and non-Jews.

In explanation of the absence of Jewish cultural institutions, Soviet spokesmen usually advance the theory of 'integration'. According to this theory, the Jews have become so integrated into the body of the Russian people that they have lost all will or capacity for ethnic self-expression. Eager to submerge in the Russian majority, they have abandoned Yiddish for Russian. The breath of life has departed from Jewish culture; it has died from inanition. This consummation, marking an advance on the road of history, deserves the applause of all progressive persons, including Jews. Only reactionaries could lament it. To revive Jewish institutions would, therefore, be tantamount to reviving a corpse in defiance of the will of History. According to Salsberg:

> Krushchev repeated the view . . . that the majority of Soviet Jews have become integrated into the country's general life. He emphasized that such integration is historically progressive, whereas the maintenance of a separate group existence is reactionary.

It is true, of course, that the majority of Jews have come to use Russian in their daily lives—to a large extent as a result of the assimilationist policies that have been enforced on them. Still, according to the last census, twenty point eight per cent of Soviet Jews have declared Yiddish to be their most intimate medium of communication. To be sure, the percentage is lower than of any other ethnic group claiming its national language as the 'mother tongue'. Yet two factors must be borne in mind: (1) That it must have taken a certain amount of courage for Jews to claim Yiddish as their tongue in the face of official hostility, and that the actual figure may therefore be considerably larger; and (2) that twenty point eight per cent still embraces four hundred and seventy two thousand people—in absolute figures, a far larger number than that of two dozen or so other Soviet nationalities (such as the Buriats, Avars, Ossetians, and so on) whose languages are not only tolerated, but actively encouraged by the Soviet authorities. Such, indeed, are the canons of Soviet nationality policy that four hundred and seventy thousand Jews are served by a meagre sheet whose circulation of one thousand is largely confined to Birobidzhan, while, say, the twelve thousand Chukchi inhabiting the northern region of the RSFSR are served by a comparable organ of eight hundred copies.

The picture becomes fuller when we add that about eighty

Yiddish writers, survivors of the decimation of the Yiddish literary intelligentsia, are denied a public forum in their own tongue for their creative talents. A chosen few may have their works translated into Russian, if their theme is not of a specific Jewish content. The others must find contentment in manuscripts languishing in the obscurity of desk drawers. According to a highly literate French Jewish Communist, Chaim Sloves:

> The Soviet Jewish writers are more creative today than perhaps ever before. 'Not a day passes that I don't write,' everyone tells you. And everyone has his own work ready for the press—volumes of poetry, novels, stories, dramas. It is not merely literary impetus or prolific creativity. It is, in the highest sense, sacred dedication.

Immediately after the Revolution Hebrew was declared a counter-revolutionary language. Since 1948 Yiddish literature has been treated as a force inimical to the purposes of the Soviet Government. A unique application, indeed, of the official formula 'socialist in content—national in form'!

Pursuing the goal of total assimilation of the Jews, the regime has for the past three years embarked on a campaign against the last fragments of communal life in Russia—the synagogues and the religious life associated with them. The purpose of this campaign, conducted through the familiar medium of the feuilleton in the press and the occasional radio broadcast, and practically reinforced by the closing of synagogues in outlying regions, is to deter the Jews from congregating in compact groups. The process of atomization is to be brought to its ultimate conclusion. By insulating the Jews from their co-religionists and co-nationals in the rest of the world, and by isolating them from each other, the regime hopes to extirpate the consciousness of kind and thus remove what it thinks is a source of disaffection from within the Soviet Union. For Judaism, Soviet propagandists insist, is not only 'opium for the people', but also a creed implanting in its adherents allegiance to foreign powers and infidelity to the Soviet Union. In a recent broadcast (9 December, 1959) emanating from Korovograd in the Ukraine (a town, incidentally, with a notorious record of pogroms in prerevolutionary Russia, including the one which the Narodnaya Volya welcomed with such glee), the speaker inveighed in language of unusual virulence against the local synagogue and its officials:

> . . . the Jewish faith has been strongly intermixed with Jewish bourgeois nationalism and Zionism, already possessing a strong reactionary essence. . . . Sermons by Rabbi Ayzik Pketor hardly differ from the woeful theory of the uniqueness of the Aryan race and its destiny to rule over the peoples of the entire world. . . .

The broadcast was saturated with sheer medievalism:

> Among the numerous Jewish feasts, a special place belongs to Saturday, which should be inspiringly observed by every Orthodox Jew, for according to the teaching of the Talmud this is the day of absolute inactivity. And so, on a Saturday, when the divine service ends, the faithful disperse, and . . . the table is laid, vodka, wine and snacks appear, and toasts to the health of 'God's servants' are raised. The drinking feast *sic* is led by the rabbi's wife, Roza Spektor. Jewish ministers and circumcisers execute the rite of circumcision, which has a strikingly nationalistic character. Its specific significance lies in the fact that it gives proof of belonging to the 'chosen' people—the Jews. At the same time it imbues Jews with repugnance and hatred of those who do not possess this special sign. . . . Judaic sermons are sermons of bourgeois Zionists. Such sermons are tools of the nationalistic, Israeli, cosmopolitan American bourgeoisie. With their tentacles, the Jewish bourgeois nationalists, with the help of Judaism, try to reach into our Soviet garden. But they will never succeed.

The treatment of the Jews by the Soviet dictatorship is without a full parallel among its policies toward the other national minorities. A unique people, the Jews have drawn upon themselves singular treatment. As Stalinism departed from the ideals of internationalism and cosmopolitanism which had inspired the Bolshevik Revolution, it cynically resorted to anti-Semitism as tool of its designs, harkening back to the tradition of the Narodnaya Volya, in many ways its spiritual ancestor. The xenophobia born of its totalitarian isolation—a xenophobia incongruously linked to its international aspirations and professions—exposed the Jews to grave suspicion. They were members of a world-wide fraternity, the greater part of which lived in the camp of 'imperialism', and the creation of the state of Israel intensified that suspicion. Alone among all the national minorities the Jews have been condemned to total assimilation. The Jews are indeed a 'chosen people' in Russia—chosen for cultural extinction.

Erich Goldhagen

SOVIET JEWRY

A recent addition to the growing literature on Soviet policy towards Jews is *The Kremlin, the Jews, and the Middle East* by Judd L. Teller (Yoseloff, London . It also contains some important assessments of the complicated situation in Eastern European countries.

THE VEGETABLES WALK AMONG US

Martin S. Dworkin

IN LITERARY fiction, comic books, television programmes and motion pictures, the science-fantasy genre has a special way of revealing popular attitudes towards profound problems in symbolic form. Fantasy can be viewed as a critique of the actuality we share, often the most potent one—whether deliberate, as creators of allegorical utopias have demonstrated at least since Plato, and novelists at least since Swift and Voltaire; or, unwitting, revealing fears or fulfilling wishes for the waking world in strange new worlds of imagination. The gothic horror stories of the eighteenth century and after, with their simple purpose of chilling us for our own entertainment, perhaps had secularized the diabolistic terrors of traditional religious moralities. The currents in present day science fiction which flow from them carry their ancient conceptions of man's nature as primordially evil. The currents out of the nineteenth-century maelstrom of scientific and technological change join the older streams, depositing their weight of meanings around the newer anxieties.

Above all, the tales of life on other worlds, invasions by fanciful horrors, and wondrous inventions running amuck express fears of man himself. The pessimism of the earlier horror stories seems almost reassuring. The forces for evil personified in the new mythology make Pandora's demons appear as friendly household gods. As ever, the modern fantasies refract political concerns—most frequently in treating matters of government in outer space, or the problems raised for the public safety here on earth by horrific attacks. Predictably, the deliberate political contrivances are not as significant as those that are implied—as in the arrangements within futuristic societies in which men of ideals and learning are subordinated, as a matter of course, to those of security and action. The long-hair scientist may invent the machines, or discover the danger. But it is the crew-cut space cadet, ray gun in hand, whose orders finally have to be obeyed in order to overcome disaster.

The attack-upon-earth theme is exemplified in *The Invasion of the Body Snatchers* (Allied Artists)—but with political implications that are unusual, and significant for our understanding

of the meaning of the science-fantasy genre. The film is not futuristic, but of the type that achieves its principal impact from introducing a single outlandish factor into a commonplace, recognizable world. The denouement is of the familiar kind in which the audience is drawn into the fiction. The film closes as the forces of right have finally been convinced of the reality of the danger. The protagonist, Kevin McCarthy, relaxes in the fade-out, knowing he is believed at last. But the conclusion itself is meant to be seen as a beginning. We are left to imagine the total mobilization of the nation which must follow, and the desperate measures in which we must join to halt and overcome the invading force.

This device is especially suggestive, as the force so perfectly implies the popular notion of Communism. The menace in the movie is a kind of play-model of popular comprehension of ideological insinuation, and of the terrors of total alienation of the loyalties of friends and neighbours. The people whose bodies are 'snatched' by the imperialistic vegetable forms from space do not change in appearance. Their voices, manners, memories remain those of the persons whose features they inhabit. What is changed is that they have lost their 'emotional and spiritual identities'. Their souls, and their desire and ability to care about anything more than an aggressive survival have disappeared. As each person is taken over by the vegetable 'pods', he becomes an absolutely obedient agent of the new force, working to spread the millennial peace in which all participate, spiritless and free of love, hate, sentiment and responsibility—yet relentlessly dedicated to the new barrenness.

This inconsistency between the 'pod people's' lack of feeling and their concerted activity to foster their invasion isn't a serious difficulty for science-fiction plotting. In terms of an analogy to Communism, however, it actually is a supporting factor, appearing to correspond so easily to that unending ideological roundabout: the historical predestination of the proletarian revolution, biting the tail of the perennial need for agitating and conspiring so that the inevitable can occur.

It is quite relevant to inquire just how much of the correspondence between the fearful fiction of the film and the real fear of Communism is deliberate. Daniel Mainwaring's screenplay from Jack Finney's magazine serial never interpolates clues to an analogy. Director Don Siegel develops the drama within its own architecture—yet with an economy that itself suggests the *familiarity* of the theme. But here we may see clearly that the film becomes the more remarkable if the correspondence

to Communism is unintentional. It is as if the public is having a nightmare, the elements of which may be unreal, yet represent the deepest terrors of daylight.

For this reason, the conception of the nature of the menace of the 'Body Snatchers' and their manner of conquest is more interesting than if there had been careful contrivance of analogues. To be sure, the 'pod people' seem to have a strategy of priorities in taking over the police, telephones, and other vital services first—as if they had been indoctrinated not too far out in space, after all. An added refinement of infiltration technique, showing a shrewd intelligence appraisal of what Americans—or more particularly, Californians—are likely to accept without question, has the local psychiatrist involved as one of the first and leading 'converts'. His job is to soothe the dubious until they can be enfolded—as if the suspicion of self that is generalized in the symbolic approach of depth psychology may be turned to prepare people for accepting what they have not the self-assurance to deny.

What Americans fear most of all, however, from the suggestive imagery of the film, is loss of love—particularly as it is manifested in the form of romantic sex. The climactic horror is the succumbing of the hero's sweetheart, Dana Wynter, despite a prolonged resistance made through the will to love and feel loved. When McCarthy (a coincidence of casting, making an inadvertent, interesting play on names) realizes that his beloved has lost all normal feeling, and has become another representative of offensive peace of mind, the terror of seeing relatives, friends and neighbours become agencies of a hostile power is instantly focused.

The ultimate evil of the film is thus conceived in terms of an ideological transformation of the traditional romantic ending. The 'pod people', like the spies and conspirators who may be all around us, are not recognizably different in features and behaviour. But, terrifyingly, they no longer care for liberty, or the pursuit of happiness: the freedom to express the force of creative life that is symbolized in the romantic view of erotic love. Sex is not proscribed, as in Orwell's science-fantasy, but it disappears, as in the cult of unattractive costumes of the Red Chinese. It may be that the popular image of Communist penetration is one of a kind of toxic lovelessness. The words of love songs may be the anthem of American loyalties, after all; the clinch before fade-out may be a dream of political community.

Martin S. Dworkin

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PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY

John Burnheim

Few contemporary philosophers would admit that a philosophy of history is possible. History is our fragmentary and uneven record of the wealth of human experience. It is, in different ways, too vast and too little a thing to be the subject of a single kind of analysis or synthesis. Yet in a sense every intellectual must have some sort of philosophy of history, some interpretation of the forces at work in our current situation and some evaluation of them in the light of the wider context of our history. None of us will admit that we are merely riding the wandering band-waggon of fashion. We should like to think that we can have at least some appreciation of what is significant or valuable in contemporary civilization as compared to civilizations of the past.

At the same time, one cannot help feeling grave doubts not only about the justification that can be offered for even the most modest theses in the philosophy of history, but even about the meaningfulness of any doctrine that pretends to explain or evaluate such fugitive entities as historical trends. Both M.Maritain and Father D'Arcy[1] are anxious to avoid any over-ambitious claims in the philosophy of history while firmly resisting the temptation of complete scepticism. Unfortunately, this balanced sort of position is attained more by an examination of what they consider it desirable to claim than by a critical analysis of the means of knowing available to us.

Father D'Arcy sets out his views mainly as criticisms of the views of a wide range of recent writers. Just what is left after all these criticisms are taken into account is not always clear. There is no formulation of any well-knit personal view of the problem. M.Maritain, on the other hand, presents us with explicit doctrines on the nature of historical change, and on the types of laws which he considers constitute the fruits of a philosophical investigation of history. Unfortunately, his views are so closely tied up with his wider philosophical position that it is not easy to see the empirical basis for his claims. While renouncing any claim to establishing a complete set of laws of history, Maritain thinks that there are verifiable functional relations between certain intelligible characteristics in the course of history. 'The law of two-fold contrasting progress' recalls the parable of the cockle sown among the wheat, which is allowed to grow with the wheat until the harvest. Both evil and good make advances in competition with each other, each forcing the other into new patterns of growth. 'The law of the ambivalence of history' emphasizes that an evil can contribute to the origin of what is good and what is good can be corrupted into an evil. 'The law of the historical fructifications of good and evil' expresses the belief that in the long run any good or any evil must bear its appropriate fruit. Similarly, Maritain formulates other 'laws' which emphasize the tendency towards the unification of culture, and towards a clearer consciousness of social realities. There are 'laws' governing the relationships between material means and spiritual ends, and between spiritual means and temporal ends. Besides these 'functional laws' there are also

[1] Jacques Maritain, *On The Philosophy of History*, ed. Joseph W. Evans. Geoffrey Bles. London. 18s. 9d.

M.C.D'Arcy, S.J., *The Sense of History, Secular and Sacred*. Faber & Faber. London. 49s. 9d.

'vectorial laws', with a more heavily theological ingredient, referring to the actual direction of the evolution of Christian civilization.

Most of the remarks that are made under these headings would already be familiar to readers of Maritain's earlier writings. Just how literally and univocally he intends them to be taken remains obscure; he has often insisted that terms of referring to the changing institutions of society and the attitudes of men of different cultures must be taken 'analogically', bearing in mind the need for re-interpreting their meanings in the light of their different concrete interconnections in each cultural complex. In practice, however, Maritain is much more interested in relating these differences to theological theories than to concrete circumstances. Both the connections between these theological theories and the cultures they claim to typify, and the differences between the various cultures are related, in Maritain's writings, to an intuitive grasp of the situations rather than to any historical analysis. Such an approach may, of course, be suggestive and even illuminating but it does not provide the sort of rational justification which one expects from something that dignifies itself with the title of philosophy.

Father D'Arcy has very little to say about laws of history. The nearest that he comes to a guiding theory is in his discussion of providence. Here he firmly rejects the idea that any laws or dialectic of providence can be detected by the historian even when aided by revelation. When interpreted in terms of divine providence, history must be seen not as a process but as the expression of a person and his intentions. Father D'Arcy is still willing to speak of providence in terms of means and ends, plans and objectives. I doubt whether these categories are of very much use in talking about the action of God in history, since there cannot be any natural relation between natural events and the purposes of God's supernatural ends. The empirically discoverable facts rarely bear the un-ambiguous mark of their divine origin, and even where they do, the connection between them and the divine purpose could not possibly be known except by a specific revelation.

Other difficulties arise when ethical evaluation is applied to history. Father D'Arcy is here firmly opposed to the positivist position, but his argument seems to miss the point. He claims that the historian must make ethical and even perhaps theological judgments. He must be in a position to approach his subject with every item of his cultural equipment, the moral and the aesthetic no less than the logical and observational. This is, of course, in one sense, clearly true. Only a man with a sound and sensitive moral sensibility can appreciate the moral problems and beliefs of his subjects, just as only a man with an appreciation of aesthetic questions can write with any discernment about artists. It is, however, one thing to maintain that sympathy and sensitivity towards the moral and theological aspects of historical events are necessary for understanding and even for correct description of them. It is quite another to put a theological or moral evaluation on the occurrences which the historian describes. It is yet another thing to claim as Maritain does, to discover casual connections between events on the basis of some theory of the way in which supernatural or moral factors ought to affect social change.

The sense of destiny, of direction and purpose in our history is a need that some feel more than others, though no-one can escape it entirely. Father D'Arcy seems to think that the urgency of this need argues to the conclusion that there must be some way of satisfying it. Ultimately, he seems to fall back on the possibility of a poetic insight as the only way of getting beyond the merely empirical facts of the past to find purpose and value in the struggles of mankind. Christian doctrine can, on this view, supply a wealth of suggestions and insights which the creative imagination can use to give form to the content

of historical record. Neither it nor any other doctrine can of its self explain that record or knit it into a completely coherent pattern. The sense of history is a sense of the concrete, the unanalysable, and ultimately indescribable, individuality of particular human situations.

Once again we are far removed from anything that can be called a philosophy of history; we have renounced the claim to philosophical justification and argument except, as Father D'Arcy says, by the fugitive criteria of success. What matters now in the appeal of a doctrine to our mind is its very coherence and intrinsic attractiveness. Naturally, we cannot allow it to contradict the facts that it is no longer disturbing if it goes beyond them. Ultimately, then, as the title of his book indicates, Father D'Arcy's plea is not for a philosophy of history, but for a 'sense' of history, the value of which lies in an enrichment of our view rather than in an objective philosophical understanding.

Writing about history is in fact called on to meet a variety of intellectual and emotional needs, which in their turn are so closely inter-connected that it does not seem possible either to separate them into distinct subjects or to satisfy them in any single treatment. If history is to have a stimulating effect on our imagination, our hopes and aspirations, it must be viewed through the creative simplifications of poetry and myth. If it is to teach us lessons about the present and help us choose for the future, it must have the sobriety and accuracy of dispassionate analysis. If history is to show us the concrete condition of our race, its roots and its inevitable commitments, it must be examined in terms of a theory of man and of his relations to society and to nature. If history is to put us into contact with a society beyond the limits of our present acquaintance and enrich our lives with the company of the men of the past, it must be a sympathetic and a very personal understanding of individual men, their situations, their deeds and their misdeeds. In each of these lines of approach there is an element, different in each case, that might well be called philosophical. No myth or imaginative projection can be of real worth unless it has a basic rationality about it. We must know what our myths are, and how flimsy is their web of imaginative projection. It is for philosophy, too, to criticize and evaluate what passes for objective analysis, and to work out the pre-suppositions and implications of the theories about men and their environment that so easily find their way unacknowledged into all our thinking about history. Finally, even in the effort to bring back to life the concrete events and people of past times there is involved evaluation, approval and disapproval, criteria of importance or insignificance, which philosophy ought to try to disentangle.

Perhaps the nub of all these problems lies in the crucial philosophical question of the extent to which human beings are the makers of their own destiny, rather than slaves of impersonal and usually unrecognized social and natural forces. This philosophical question cannot be answered by history alone any more than it can be answered by merely conceptual analysis. Different people will, according to their own resources and according to the situation in which they are placed, have differing success in rising above the pressures of natural and social necessity, by understanding them and turning them to their own needs, or resisting them with courage and tenacity. There are no particular limits either to the complexity of these forces, which we must suppose to be to a large extent still unknown and unanalysed, or to the resources which the grace of God, knowledge, social advancement may put in the hands of men. On the other hand, no record of empirical facts about an individual person, or group of persons, can of its self answer the question how they fared in the struggle of mankind to be master of its own destiny, without some critical analysis of our concepts of cause and effect in history.

To attribute historical effects to causes of a specific kind, to discern the happy accidents of apparent achievement from the genuine results of deliberate ambition and of striving, is to discriminate factors within a series of events that can be isolated from each other only in thought. The justification for such distinctions, cannot be found in any predictive power that they may have as hypotheses, nor in the logical structure of our habitual usage, but must ultimately be sought in their rendering intelligible to us both the events of the past and our own present situation. If we seek to discover the part that Napoleon or Cromwell, not as instruments of social pressures, but as individuals, played in deciding certain crucial situations in the past, we must, in the very pursuit of these enquiries, reflect philosophically on our own experience of personal decisions, on the validity of the reasons in terms of which we explain them, and attribute varying degrees of importance to them in different situations. The conceptual clarification needed is inseparable from the clarification of the facts themselves.

To the extent that we study history, not just as a collection of facts, or a process of inevitable changes, but as the re-enactment of the struggles of man, we have to try to answer at every turn the same question that presses itself on us whenever we turn our eyes to the future and attempt to make it conform to our desires and ideals: to what extent can a man in such and such a situation and with these particular resources of knowledge, skill and moral power, reasonably hope to make a decisive intervention in the course of human affairs? This is not, as might appear, a psychological or sociological question. These sciences may well supply a statistical account of his chances. They may point to a number of necessary factors that no man can do more than manipulate. But the individual engaged in deliberate and sustained personal activity cannot be reduced to a statistic or to a complex of impersonal equations. It is not simply that neither the theoretical model nor the statistical average exists as a concrete individual, but rather that the question only arises to the extent that the individual diverges from the norm. To evaluate what a man does in terms of personal achievement and failure imposes the task of personal assessment on the basis of analogies from personal experience. The weight that we attach to these analogies, the standards of clarity and precision in our descriptions and ascriptions must be subject to criticism and analysis just as much as the standards of the sciences. The basis of this critical evaluation will be a philosophical reflection on the relations that hold within our experience between the concepts we use and the events that they are meant to render intelligible. As the social and psychological sciences expand they may furnish us with more and more information about the means of explaining the complexities of the factors involved. Still, there will always be the need to set this information and these explanations in perspective, to show how much and how little they account for, and to evaluate the relative importance of the different factors acknowledged to be present in particular situations.

This is not the sort of enquiry that arrives at a clear-cut conclusion. It does not enable us to predict, for we cannot enumerate all the factors involved; and only in a limited sense does it explain, for chance is a major factor in human affairs. Its values and its fascination lie not in giving us a synthetic view of the past or an assured analysis of the future, any more than in providing goals for our efforts or rules to guide our decisions. What it can do is to develop in us the discernment of what is possible, of the occasional unpredictable greatness and the tragic and comic smallness of the scope of human action and human responsibility.

John Burnheim

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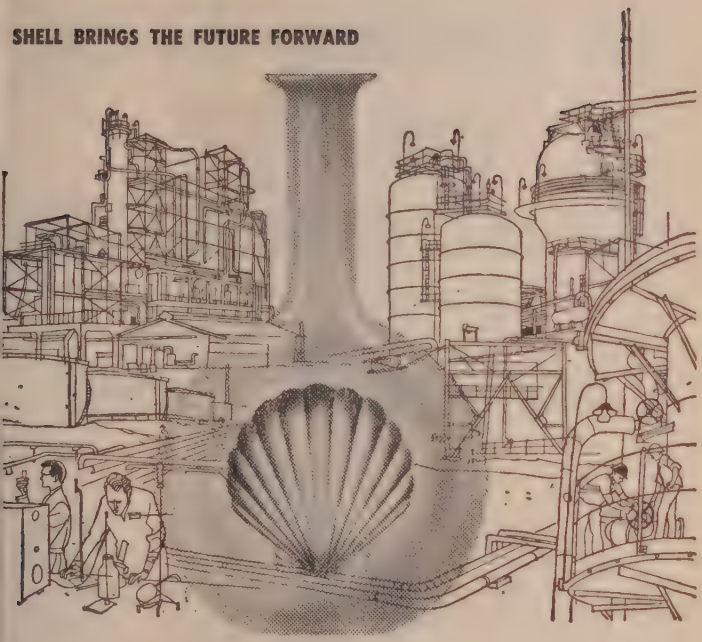

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BERNARD SMITH:
European Vision and the South Pacific
1768-1850
Clarendon Press. Oxford. 136s. od.

In 1945 Dr Bernard Smith published a history of Australian art under a title, *Place, Taste and Tradition*, which indicated his interest in the influence of ideas and environment on works of art. A study of the origins of European art in Australia has led to a fuller investigation on the beginnings of European art in the South Pacific, and this in turn has involved a more general problem, 'the relation between art and science during the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries'. The South Sea voyages captured the European imagination during the decades immediately preceding the romantic movement, the central principle of which was to be defined by Theodore Watts-Dunton as 'the impulse to confront these phenomena [of the outer world] with eyes of enquiry and wonder'. In an article published in the *Journal of the Warburg and Courtauld Institutes* in 1958 Dr Smith showed how Coleridge's poem on a South Sea voyage, *The Ancient Mariner*, united the different strands of the wonderful and scientific enquiry that had been brought to his notice by his mathematics master at Christ's Hospital, William Wales, the astronomer and meteorologist on Cook's second voyage. The opening up of the Pacific and its interpretation by writers and artists influenced both romanticism and the scientific thinking of the nineteenth century, during the first half of which 'three scientists, Charles Darwin, Joseph Hooker and Thomas Henry Huxley, whose joint efforts did so much to establish organic evolution as an acceptable scientific explanation of the universe, spent the crucial formative years of their lives as naturalists on scientific voyages to the Pacific region'. Because many of the voyages included professional artists as well as scientists, there was an interplay of ideas, attitudes and interests, many of which were inherited from the past. The study, from its modest point of departure—an examination of the artistic records of the voyages—finally extends as widely in time as in space.

In his preface Dr Smith states two of his main conclusions; that the first artists to voyage among the lands and peoples of the Pacific assisted in creating a different form of landscape art, which is 'best described as typical'; and that the creation of typical landscape, which parallels in point of time the emergence of organic evolution in science, arose 'partly in response to the increasing impact of science upon art, and partly as a result of the discovery by Europeans of the beauty of the world beyond Europe'. Unlike neo-classical or Arcadian landscape, typical landscape portrays the whole character of a region, including the customs of its people and its history where these are relevant. Its origins are in topographical landscape, but the new elements are scientific analysis, a sense of wonder excited by the parallel discoveries of natural laws and novel phenomena, and a conviction that such paintings do not belong to an inferior category. Humboldt, who asserted in his *Ansichten der Natur* (1808) that each climate had a beauty peculiar to itself and every region a characteristic physiognomy, thus providing a new field for the landscape painter, instanced his reading Forster's descriptions of the islands of the Pacific and seeing paintings by Hodges in the house of Warren Hastings in London as 'lessons of experience' which 'tell us how often impressions received by the senses from circumstances seemingly accidental, have so acted on the youthful as to determine the whole direction of man's course through life'.

One of the desiderata of art history has long been a critical study of William Hodges, if only because Reynolds, acutely sensitive to the

verdict of posterity, actually referred in the *Discourses* to his Asiatic paintings while he was still alive, whereas Hogarth, Gainsborough and Wilson were all discussed posthumously. Two reasons may be ascribed for this neglect: Hodges' paintings are scattered or difficult of access, and no scholar had established the context of typical landscape in which his work is best appreciated. The late A.P.Opper, who constantly applied international standards to the discomfiture of uncritical enthusiasts for English art, frequently canvassed the merits of Hodges in private conversation. Pending a fullscale monograph, Dr Smith's masterly account has remedied the deficiency, and one is tempted to say of Hodges' paintings at sea on Cook's second voyage in relation to *The Ancient Mariner* what Sir Kenneth Clark has said of Gainsborough's landscapes in relation to Gray's *Elegy*, that the appreciation of the one enhances the enjoyment of the other, and *vice versa*. The same may be said of other artists illustrated in this book in relation to Darwin's *Voyage of the Beagle*. Indeed the extent to which Darwin, whose heart warmed to his artist companions Augustus Earle and Conrad Martens, was aware of the wide range of artistic and literary traditions associated with the voyages comes as one of the many revelations of this study.

Typical landscape and the growth of a naturalistic vision influenced by art and science are the central themes to which Dr Smith has subordinated many others of no less interest: the noble and the ignoble savage, viewed in the light of a 'hard' or 'soft' primitivism and the conflicting prejudices of the deist and evangelist; antipodal inversion, the 'topsy-turvydom' that so delighted Sydney Smith; the influence of particular branches of science, ecology, meteorology and geology, on landscape; the influence of the theory of organic evolution on art and literature; and the survival of classical ideas. Grants from the British Council and the Australian National University enabled the author to further his studies at the Warburg Institute and the Department of Pacific History, a juxtaposition that would surely have pleased Sir Joseph Banks, who was Secretary of the Society of Dilettanti as well as President of the Royal Society; and the stimulus received from both institutions can be detected in the range and precision of his learning. An acknowledgment to Professor A.O.Lovejoy's studies in the history of ideas is no less significant and indicates the far-reaching influence of a distinguished American scholar, conveyed in this case by the written and not the spoken word.

The wide scope of the study can be gauged from the index, which may be sampled with an almost aesthetic enjoyment. It includes such surprising sub-divisions (here distinguished by brackets) and juxtapositions as: Art, of the Pacific (evangelical distaste for); Australia (eccentricities of nature in, as an enchanted garden, and the Fall, convict artists of); Charles de Brosses, 'Capability' Brown; Easter Island, Sir Charles Eastlake; *Elegy on Captain Cook*, Elephanta; Fingal's Cave, Staffa, *First Fruits of Australian Poetry; Genie du Christianisme, Gentleman's Magazine:* Hebrides, Herculaneum; Julius Caesar, Ibbetson, Ice-blink; Lee and Kennedy, nurserymen, Hammersmith, Lee Boo, Prince: Maoris (and the Vikings), Migration (use of art in promoting); Patagonia (Penguins from, 'giants' of); Society of Dilettanti, Soft Primitivism; Tahiti (as an ideal land, as a land of free-love, and Christian thought); Tahitians (compared to ancient Greeks, to ancient Britons); Venus de Medici, Vesuvius, Yakutsk, York. It would have been pleasant to find Alexander Selkirk, Defoe, Robinson Crusoe and particularly Man Friday in such congenial surroundings and company, for William Cowper and other writers

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on whom Dr Smith throws new light read Defoe as well as Pacific voyages, and there is a connection between the two. The relations between science, voyages and seventeenth-century Dutch landscape, which comes astonishingly close to some of the visual perceptions of the nineteenth century, have never been investigated, and a comparison of the two great ages of naturalistic vision, the seventeenth and the nineteenth centuries, might well lead to some interesting conclusions. It is a tribute to this learned, beautifully written and immensely stimulating work that it constantly suggests to the reader new links and lines of enquiry.

Joseph Burke

ROBIN GOLLAN:
Radical and Working Class Politics—A Study of Eastern Australia 1850-1910
Melbourne University Press and the Australian National University. 35s. od.

In the late nineteenth century, political radicals and trade union leaders saw the unfolding history of their own societies as the history of class struggles. This indigenous tradition, picked up and put into a pseudo-Marxist framework, soon became one of the principal themes of Australian historiography and for the last twenty-five years its supremacy has hardly been disputed. One reason for its almost untroubled reign was that most of its assumptions, at least as far as they concerned the nineteenth century, were much the same as those of Irish-Australian radicalism, and most Catholic writers, from whom an attack might otherwise have been expected, were happy enough to run in double harness with the protagonists of the secular radical orthodoxy. It is not at all surprising, for example, that this book should have been enthusiastically reviewed in the Melbourne Catholic weekly, *The Advocate*. Now, as Dr Gollan notes in his preface, the orthodoxy is being challenged more fundamentally, though not as yet with any great weight of scholarship. In time to forestall any more serious attack comes this book, a classic statement of the orthodox view and a good example of its strengths and weaknesses.

The thesis put forward is not unfamiliar, though it is argued with unfamiliar ability. It is that the political and social development of Australia in the sixty years after the discovery of gold can best be understood in the light of the emergence of a distinctive working-class movement, in the form of trade unionism, with its subsequent extension into politics as the Labor Party. In the eighteen-fifties and eighteen-sixties radicalism was not distinctively a class phenomenon, but the economic and social development of the colonies, including the failures and successes of the radicals themselves, gradually led to the trade unions becoming the principal support of radical policies. These policies, by the time Labor parties were established in the eighteen-nineties, included the institution of a socialist society while, for reasons which were also related to the class character of Australian society, radicalism was closely associated with nationalism. From the time of their establishment, however, the Labor parties began to move away from the policies which they had set up to support, because of their lack of any firm theoretical basis and their need to attract other than working-class support if they were to win majorities. So the ground was prepared for conflict between the Labor parties and the trade unions which had given rise to them.

Anyone familiar with Labor history will recognize this thesis as a recurring myth, in the sense of a moral tale, which justifies the role of the Labor movement's left wing. This is not to say, of course, that it is necessarily untrue, and Dr Gollan's version of it is the most impressive to appear. Its most obvious strength is that it is the work of a skilled and

gifted professional historian. Material is gathered and the narrative written with great proficiency. A wide variety of sources is marshalled just obviously enough to be impressive but not enough to be irritating. Again and again—on Eureka, the land selection legislation, the strikes of the eighteen-nineties and the introduction of industrial arbitration—one finds a brief but lucid and balanced account of some major issue which is the best thing of its kind in print. In between, the radical movements of the eighteen-fifties and eighteen-sixties and the subsequent growth of unionism and finally of the Labor Party are skilfully and in most cases convincingly presented.

Unfortunately Dr Gollan's technique, which is so impressive in the collection of material and in the writing of the narrative, lets him down in the intermediate stage of explaining just what it is that the material establishes. From the title onwards it is clear that he, like the people he is writing about, is convinced of the great importance of class divisions. Unfortunately, again like them, he is constantly changing his mind about what he means by a class. Sometimes he talks about the upper class (or classes), the middle class and the working class; sometimes about the squatting class, the small land-owning class and the trading class; sometimes about the poorer classes and the property-holding classes; sometimes about the salary- and wage-earning class; sometimes the middle class includes employers and sometimes these are assigned to a separate (upper?) class. If this was because he thought that it was impossible to attach any precise meaning to the term and used it merely to cover certain people whom he wished to group together for some arbitrary and temporary purpose this would not be so bad, though in that case it would be better to use the term 'interest', as in fact he sometimes does. The trouble is that while Dr Gollan is not sure what classes are he is quite sure that, whatever they are, they are of great importance.

If 'class' is to be used as an analytical concept there must be some rigour in its use. It is not merely useless to tell us that most of the leaders of the radicals were middle class, when this term may or may not exclude employers; it is a good deal worse than useless. We cannot learn anything from such remarks as 'National feeling was an essential part of the class feeling generated in the conflict between classes in Australia' when the meaning of class varies not only from chapter to chapter but from paragraph to paragraph. Dr Gollan would have done better to have defined his upper, middle and working classes with great care and then stuck to them.

In the concluding chapters, dealing with the twenty years after the founding of the Labor parties, the myth takes charge and once again ambiguities about the nature of class are involved. As the Labor parties sought support from other than wage-earners there was, it is postulated, 'a movement away from a distinctive Labor position'. The principal feature of this distinctive Labor position was, of course, 'socialist idealism'. The Labor parties are shown moving away from both socialism and the trade unions, especially at the time of the 'non-socialist' Federal objective of 1905, until the adoption (under union pressure) of the 'socialist' objective of 1921. This is in keeping with subsequent left-wing tradition, which sought to gain for its adherents a kind of legitimacy by suggesting that the ALP had departed from the purposes for which it was originally established. But did it? It is clear that from the beginning the Labor parties sought the support of farmers, independent miners and many others outside the trade unions and framed their policies accordingly. It is also clear that at no stage—not in 1890 nor in 1895, and if not in 1905 then cer-

tainly not in 1921—could they have been regarded unequivocally as socialist parties. The socialist element was—and is—always present and never dominant.

Ambiguities about class are not a peculiar blemish of this book; they are a distinctive part of the orthodox tradition, for which an explanation may be suggested. The tradition is pseudo-Marxist, not Marxist or quasi-Marxist. It will be seen that of all the 'classes' named by Dr Gollan only the 'wage- and salary-earners' class' to which he makes only a passing reference, is equivalent to any of the classical three classes of Marxist theory. The reason the Marxist classes are not used is quite simple; they are useless. But the search for alternatives would involve the recognition of this fact, and for this orthodoxy so far remains unprepared. Dr Gollan has, in fact, driven the old machine just about as far as it will take us, and some way down a cul-de-sac into the bargain. The time has come to take into account the influence of a much greater variety of groups, not all of them based upon economic factors but certainly including classes in some rigorously defined sense, and to move away from this curiously one-sided tradition in the writing of political history. Historians need not fear that this involves giving up theoretical precision or a powerful explanatory device. In these respects, alas, they have nothing to lose.

D.W.Rawson

ERNEST GELLNER:
Words and Things
Gollancz. London. 25s. 0d.

'Linguistic philosophy' is dominant among professional philosophers in England and influential in other English-speaking countries. Ernest Gellner, himself a product of Oxford and a Reader at the London School of Economics, sets out to attack it root and branch, with a fair measure of success. His book is not only a vigorous onslaught but also a well-informed examination. Gellner knows what linguistic philosophy is and also what it is not. He shows how different in spirit it is from the sharply critical Logical Positivism which was one of its parents—though positivist notions are still latent and influential within it—and how unlikely it is to corrupt the young except by killing their curiosity, and by confirming them in whatever views they find conventionally accepted.

The core of his argument is his account of the 'four pillars' on which this method rests. These are: 'polymorphism' (the doctrine that the uses of words are so various that general assertions about such uses are impossible); the contrast theory of meaning; the habit of inferring answers to normative and evaluative problems from the actual use of words; and, above all, the APC, the 'Argument from the Paradigm Case'. The APC is exemplified by the proof that material objects exist because we have a use for material-object words, or that human beings have free will because there must be paradigm uses of the phrase 'free will', there must be examples from which we learn how to use the phrase. If Gellner's account of these central doctrines and methods is correct, then his criticism is overwhelming: linguisticism does merely dodge the crucial problems of philosophy and its excuses for doing so are feeble—though Gellner could have done more to show exactly *how* there are philosophical questions over and above those that linguistics can settle.

Linguistic philosophers will defend themselves by denying that they form a school or that they have such central doctrines. Wittgenstein is revered, but there are already rival groups among his disciples, and there are other influential figures. What they share is merely a way of approaching questions and quite a large assortment of techniques.

This defence is partly true, but it

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opens the way to further attacks. While Gellner stresses the conformism or conventionalism, the readiness to take, say, a survey of actual uses of ethical language as all that need be said about ethics, there is also a critical tendency, a hint, for example, that ethics is *only* a set of ways of using words. Gellner recognizes this critical tendency and shows how the choice between conclusions of these two kinds is arbitrary: each thinker follows his inclination in deciding where to be critical and where to conform: linguistic analysis is a 'magic mirror' in which each can see whatever he wants to see.

Gellner is not, like some critics of this philosophy, objecting to its naturalism or empiricism: he is not defending metaphysics. He is merely demanding that naturalism or any other view should be honestly argued for, not insinuated, not borrowed surreptitiously from the current climate of opinion.

Though some of his argument is difficult, Gellner's style is lively and tough; too tough for some tastes, for he is a master of the entertainingly offensive phrase. There is some repetition, because he moves gradually from philosophical argument to a literary characterization and finally to a brief sociological study of linguisticism, so that the same points are taken up in new ways. He brings out well the shifts and evasions with which his opponents meet attack, how they slide back and forth between the enterprising but unsound and the modest but trivial.

Some will object that his discussion is too general, that he makes sweeping accusations without meeting his opponents in the detailed study of problems. But detailed study can itself be an evasion; it can either avoid general questions or prejudge them. Gellner's case would have been still stronger if he could have illustrated this by closer examination of the work he is criticizing, though this would have been a lengthy and tedious task. But as it is he has at least offered a serious challenge. I believe that good work can be done and has been done within the linguistic movement, and that some of its methods are sound—some of them, indeed, are not necessarily connected with the approach to philosophy through language. But it is up to the linguists (or others who use these methods) to clear themselves of the charges of arbitrariness and of avoiding issues by distinguishing the sound devices which they are prepared to use consistently from unsound ones which they will consistently reject.

J.L.Mackie

HUGH KENNER:
The Invisible Poet: T.S.Eliot
W.H.Allen. London. 44s. 9d.

Mr Kenner's thesis, in this frustrating and sometimes brilliant book, is that T.S.Eliot, 'the invisible poet', has constantly and consistently throughout his life assumed 'deliberate disguises'; that in London 'he is the critical alien pretending to be a member of the anonymous Establishment'; that even though he is a Nobel Prize winner and a member of the Order of Merit, he has still managed to remain the 'invisible poet'. Mr Kenner spends a great deal of time trying to make Eliot's cult of deliberate anonymity coherent, and in the course of his investigations manages to tell some very good stories which are authentically Possumistic (to use D.J.Enright's word). The idea is interesting and might intrigue a novelist; but when Mr Kenner tries to relate this anonymity to Eliot's poetry, it proves very banal indeed. Mr Kenner is simply saying in a very sophisticated way that most poets exploit their personality and that Eliot doesn't; and he nowhere examines the real meaning of personality and how it expresses itself in art.

This thesis, with its concomitant anecdotic chit-chat, almost conceals

the valuable things which the book contains. For Mr Kenner is ultimately concerned with establishing and emphasizing the fundamental unity of Eliot's work, and, at his best, he approaches his subject from all angles, constantly referring the earlier work to the later work and vice-versa. He is illuminating on the influence of Bradley and Laforgue (whose defects he sees very clearly); though he gives no attention at all to Saint-John Perse whose *Anabase* Eliot read in 1925 and later translated, and who seems to have had a more enriching influence on Eliot's development than Laforgue. Mr Kenner's remarks on Eliot's use of the quatrain in the early satires, his gloss on *The Waste Land*, his comment on the 'typist passage' in 'The Fire Sermon', which he sees (like many critics) as the great *tour de force* of the poem, and on some parts of *The Hollow Men;* the chapter on Criticism and his criticism of the choruses in *Murder in the Cathedral*: all these are tactful, apposite and likely to command general assent. There is a good comparison between the language and the movement of *The Waste Land* and *Burnt Norton*, and the discussion of the plays and their theme of the liberation from a contrived self is the best I have come across. This is where Mr Kenner really helps towards an understanding and appreciation of Eliot's work.

But, unfortunately, Mr Kenner is not content with this modest and often difficult critical task. Too often he uses Eliot's work as a springboard on which to display his own verbal acrobatics and sleights-of-hand. We are told, for example, that 'In the latter part of their discourse adverbial phrases adhere with nicely modified parallelism to a deferred conditional clause in a miniature Miltonic coruscation, urbane as a rolled umbrella in limbo'; and 'The North Wind's trumpet is a conventional enough figure; Laforgue builds towards it, not away from it, through an onomatopeia of Siegfriedian imperviousness.' We are also told, in the chapter on *Gerontion*, that 'Chapman's Bear is snowy, Eliot's shuddering: perhaps not only with cold: there is a quaint tradition that the Bear's orgasm lasts nine days'; and of Eliot's 'disavowal of having himself on any occasion done a girl in (at least up to May, 1933)'. Some no doubt would like to be reassured about the last twenty-seven years. . . . As these examples show, Mr Kenner's book is infinitely varied; but his occasionally cramped and crammed style infects it with an irritating smugness of tone.

One can only regret that Mr Kenner has missed an excellent opportunity to make some necessary remarks about anonymity in poetry and to clear up some of the confusions that exist nowadays about self-expression in art. Mr Kenner's failure to distinguish between a false display of 'personality' and authentic personal presence results in the curious paradox that nowhere in discussing Eliot's poetry does he mention pity and suffering, wonder and joy. Eliot isn't as invisible as all that.

Vivian Smith

ROBERT N. WILSON:
Man Made Plain
Howard Allen Inc. Cleveland. n.p.

Mr Wilson is an academic sociologist, and sociologists are so much ahead of the game that one does not readily think of their work as *gallant*. But *Man Made Plain* is proselytizing for perhaps a lost cause: it is subtitled *The Poet in Contemporary Society*, and at the outset Mr Wilson says sternly to his peers: 'Art-blindness has resulted in a foreshortened model of the human being and a grey-toned, pedestrian portrait of society. The desire to simplify and reduce behaviour to its minimum terms has led the psychologist and sociologist to attend almost exclusively to

activities, like child-rearing or industrial organization, which seem somehow more tangible than the arts.'

Mr Wilson has, then, set out to provide a bridge between the work of poets and social scientists by rendering the former in terms of the latter. It is a laudable attempt, but its terms are inevitably confused. It is possible to define the field of most sociological studies in the rigorously objective terms that seem a condition of their pursuit; but, as Mr Wilson points out, for identifying real poets there are no objective criteria of the kind that there are for identifying, for example, pin-setters. Implicitly, Mr Wilson's criteria are not those of his discipline but those of the discipline he is investigating: whom he takes to study are those who have won some critical acceptance as 'serious poets'. Clearly, Robert Service is outside his field; but once he accepts critical opinion as his criterion, where is he to stop? It is with a sinking feeling that I read him implying the variety and richness of his field by saying: 'in the United States we have Robert Hillyer composing traditional sonnets and Carl Sandburg exalting the sinews of Chicago'; for while each of these might be supposed by somebody to be a serious poet, the work of either has more in common with that of Robert Service than with that of the other, and their only common quality is poetic poverty.

Mr Wilson has been led to his interviewees by some measure of critical acceptance; but when he gets to them they become equal and interchangeable. It seems to me that, since critical standards are inextricably involved in the pursuit, the comments of, say, W.H.Auden ought to be given more weight than those of the poet (whom I like to imagine is that Brewster Ghiselin who said to Dylan Thomas, 'Your poetry seems to open little doors in every-day experience') who says: '*Childhood experience is strong; it is my freshest file*'; or this one—'*The acute awareness is partly physical. I recall how upset Robert Frost was by his having drunk a cup of tea pressed on him by his hostess after he had first refused it*'; or this—'*I've got my conscious pretty well under control, but Jesus, my unconscious!*' It is clear, too, that we are not going to get a coherent account of *anybody's* poetic process from an expository arrangement of these dissevered snippets—not even the rewarding ones like—'*One can die of linguistic virtuosity. . . .*'

It might be clear that I think the book's initial aims are subverted by the inevitable entry of critical judgment; and that even as it stands it is grievously flawed by Mr Wilson's lack of either critical commitment or discrimination—shown most disastrously in the poems he actually quotes to make points.

Nevertheless these remarks are harsh. The book surveys its field, necessarily more complex than I have been able to suggest, with warmth and intelligence. For anybody needing to be introduced to poetry by a sociologist—as Mr Wilson thinks his colleagues do—it might serve admirably, jargon and all. But if anyone already fairly at home with poetry and sociology were to ask me, will this book provide a whole new illumination of either or both, I should have regretfully to answer, no.

Evan Jones

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR:
Up From Liberalism
McDowell, Obolensky. New York. $3.50.

William F. Buckley, Jr, is one of the new radicals who in America pass under the name of New Conservatives. He first became well-known at the time of Yale's two hundred and fiftieth anniversary when amid the pomp and ceremony he published his *God and Man at Yale* denouncing the socialist and atheist doctrines implied in the courses now studied

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in the university. Although his point was true enough the book was treated as something of a joke, and it was not until later when Buckley began actively to support Senator McCarthy's campaign against the 'Liberals' that he became notorious. In perspective it is clear that the magazine he edited, *National Review* (which could be found in every good 'Liberal's' waste paper basket where it was disdainfully dropped immediately its title was seen) was one of the few organs that put a check on the smearing and sophistry of some of the anti-McCarthyites. To say this, one must hasten to add, is to imply no positive support of the McCarthyites. Even Buckley himself now implies no more than that McCarthy was better than the Communists, and in this book there is no direct defence of McCarthy: he attacks some of the anti-McCarthy campaigns because these reveal some of the worst blind spots and most dangerous possibilities in the 'Liberal' outlook.

It is a job well worth doing. There has been no sociology of American Liberalism, no *Middletown* about the world of Americans for Democratic Action, the *New York Post*, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr, no analysis of how the new bureaucracy uses Liberalism or Progressivism in its rise to power, or how this ideology can glamorize the worst forms of slavery. We know the 'Liberals' claim to believe in equality, moral relativity, limited State action and so on, but the mind behind the smile is still in need of study. The Hiss Case brought to the surface some of their capacity for smearing any man, however honest, who was prepared to produce evidence that one of their fellows is a traitor, and although the McCarthy case is not quite as clear cut (McCarthy *was* a liar and smearer, Chambers is not) it also brought out similar weaknesses, revealed the depths of dishonesty to which 'Liberals' will descend in defence of their interests and privileges.

The best parts of this book bring this out and provide material for a more thorough sociology of Liberalism. It deals, for example, with Senator Flanders' completely unfounded charge in the Senate that Cohn and Schine were perverts, and the joy with which 'Liberals' passed this on; with the way Joseph Rauh of the ADA enrolled a confidence man in his army of spies to collect material about the private lives of people associated with McCarthy (the con-man made it all up but it was put in Rauh's dossiers and was about to be published when the hoax was exposed); with the persecution and systematic dismissal from their jobs of men who were whispered to be sympathetic to McCarthy; with the way in which the 'Liberal' ideology is servilely insisted on in many universities where it is taken to be the mark of the educated mind (it is of course the sure sign of the uncritical, uneducated, pseudo-religious mind).

Buckley's chapters on these issues are well done. But the suspicion keeps returning that he is prepared to condone in McCarthy's case the sort of thing that disgusts him with the 'Liberals'. It is as if he feels McCarthy was basically a good man who had a vision of Evil and went too far. This may be arguable, but you need to argue hard to establish it. It is not enough to show that some of the anti-McCarthyites were pretty vile too. (A part explanation of this may be that McCarthy poisoned the whole political atmosphere.) Further, Buckley's hatred of the anti-McCarthyites lead him to irresponsible criticism of a number of people who at one time or another criticized McCarthy—for example, Truman or Reuther.

The rest of the book is an account of a Conservative alternative to 'Liberalism'. Mr Buckley is one of those who want to preserve the lingering remnants of religion, morality, enterprise and honour in a world

which wherever you look is filling up with atheists, socialists, liars and immoralists. This may be an accurate enough description of the world, though it is more appropriate to a preoccupation with religion than with politics, which as conservative statesmen have always recognized is essentially a seedy activity. But even when you tone his argument down and see him as claiming only that economic individualism, decentralization and States' Rights are more likely to lead to a moral revival than the opposed policies are, he is still faced with the problem that while he wants a weak Government in all political and economic fields he also wants the strongest possible one in foreign policy—to contain or destroy world Communism. It is difficult, on the face of it, to see how you can demand both States' Rights and increased Federal powers.

But the best parts of the book are the anti-Liberal rather than the Conservative chapters. A good deal of what he has to say has been said already by, for example, such novelists as Mary McCarthy in *Groves of Academe* or Lionel Trilling in *Middle of the Journey*. Still, we must not ask too much, and what he sets out to do he does well. An Australian study of the same kind—of the arguments used by Progressives during, say, the Petrov, Orr and Stuart cases, or of the social prejudices of the academics would be a real contribution.

Peter Coleman

A F CARRILLO de ALBORNOZ:
Roman Catholicism and Religious Liberty
World Council of Churches. Geneva.

This pamphlet can usefully be read by those (and they are not all Protestants) who are unaware of the range and vigour of the current debate among Roman Catholic theologians and political theorists over religious freedom. But it should be read with caution. Dr Albornoz is anxious to show that the ideas about religious freedom held by a substantial body of Roman Catholic thought offer the possibility of 'a doctrinal and practical agreement' with the religious bodies represented in the World Council of Churches. However, the generosity of his intention results in an overall picture which is in places out of perspective—even allowing that he is dealing with one particular trend of thought and not attempting to estimate the strength of this trend in the whole life of the Church. This failure of perspective is apparent, for instance, in his treatment of Pius XII's pronouncements on government. Thus: 'Pius XII's acceptance of democracy was for many Roman Catholic theologians evidence that he also accepted the general principles of religious liberty.' (p. 15) 'It was Pius XII who said that the democratic form of government appears as a natural demand imposed by reason itself. . . .' (p. 49) Dr Albornoz seems here to be relying on a gloss by John Courtney Murray; what Pius XII actually said was:—'So far reaching and decisive has the activity of the State become in modern times that a democratic form of government is considered by many to-day to be a natural postulate of reason itself.'

Whether Pius XII included himself among the 'many' is a question which must be left unanswered. It is certain that he showed a sympathetic understanding of the democratic aspirations of the post-war period. It is equally certain that the Christmas address of 1944 is not an 'acceptance' of democracy and still less a statement that democracy is for the Church a preferred form of government. The address is a recognition that the post-war enthusiasm for democracy is based on a commendable reaction against State absolutism, and it is also a warning against what the Pope regards as debased and harmful forms of democracy. As a political thinker, Pius XII combined nobility and spaciousness of vision with pre-

cision of thought and utterance. His words should therefore be accurately quoted and carefully evaluated. It should perhaps be added that, on the evidence of his statements, Pius XII cannot be included among those who see an absolute value in religious freedom.

It seems to me, too, that Dr Albornoz is over-optimistic in his estimate of the extent of hierarchical support for the position of Maritain, John Courtney Murray, Leclercq and others. That they have some hierarchical support and that there has been no decisive statement against them is clear enough. But to call Maritain and Murray and Leclercq 'orthodox' on the strength of their having published under a 'nihil obstat' is surely to invest that praise with a more positive significance than it in fact possesses. Dr Albornoz rightly rejects the statement that 'the last word is not for Murray and his colleagues but against them', because the last word has yet to be spoken and, perhaps, will never be spoken. But it is questionable whether even in the United States Murray has a preponderance of support in the hierarchy. Readers of the *American Ecclesiastical Review* will have no misapprehensions on that point.

In making these reservations I would reiterate my belief that Dr Albornoz has made a useful contribution to ecumenical understanding. But the reservations are important. No doubt the greatest obstacle to understanding is the tendency of many Protestants to take from secondary and prejudiced sources their knowledge of Roman Catholic thinking about religious freedom. But the record of past discussions is warning that Protestants animated by a desire for understanding and agreement can be led by the generosity of their motives to read more into Papal pronouncements than is justified—with consequent reaction and disillusionment.

L.C.Webb

The Observer and "Guilt"

"The real trouble comes from the excesses of our old friend the Nonconformist conscience — found among atheiests as among Christians, and, as any Irishman can tell you, among Catholics as among Protestants. It is that awful Sunday-school guilt about the propriety of believing in our selfish interests or our selfish survival that weakens morale and suspends belief. The belief that doing what you want to do is bad turns into the belief that nothing you do is right. Humility and guilt in the face of the underprivileged is the way souls are saved: one European is not as good as two Asians or four Africans. Combined with this is the usual Russian salad of other motives; ambition fantasies, revenge fantasies, strength-worship fantasies; but you do not hear these spoken of so openly. The fact that most of those concerned believe in material affluence and/or material welfare and/or liberty and/or Christianity, and that these are the things that are being threatened does not seem to matter. Very few believe in all four; some hate one of them so much that the possibility of destroying it excites them to the point of blindness; others naively do not see the threat; some prefer power to any of these; perhaps some feel so overprivileged by living in an affluent, welfare, liberal, Christian society that they would like to shed their riches!"

From a review of the book "When The Kissing Had To Stop," by Constantine Fitzgibbon, published in The Observer, August 20, 1960.

THE POEM OF THE CID
Translated by W.S.Merwin
Dent. London. 26s. 6d.

The present translation of the medieval Spanish poem *El Poema de Mio Cid* is welcome if only because it gives those who cannot handle the original language a chance to make some kind of approach to one of the most important poems of the High Middle Ages in Europe. And this, in turn, if it does nothing more, may remind us that medieval heroic narrative poetry is not confined to the *Chanson de Roland* and the various forms of *Arthuriana* and the Germanic cycles which tend to dominate the general reader's view of the subject. For here is an important national epic on a subject later to prove extraordinarily fertile in several literatures of Europe, and a poem which gives us the earliest substantial piece of vernacular poetry from one of the most interesting of all medieval cultures—that of Spain.

There is in the *Poema*, as with most medieval narrative poems, a good deal to puzzle and perhaps distress a modern reader unused to the tradition. For example, despite its title, the poem does not attempt to give any real account of the life and career of the Cid; it is quite selective and, we may think, arbitrarily and even unintelligently selective. It appears to give no really substantial reading of those events which were to prove so important in Spanish history or of the complex human and political situation which underlay this stage of the struggle for power in Spain and it appears to have small grasp of those dramatic possibilities which were, in later redactions, to make the Cid story one of the great subjects of European literature. It appears to lack most of the qualities of vigour and pathos characteristic of the developed heroic tradition or those of subtlety and perceptive analysis characteristic of the courtly.

It is, then, a poem which will certainly disappoint our expectations if we come to it with the kind of pre conceptions that have so often in the past made nonsense of attempts to apprehend the nature and significance of most medieval art forms.

El Poema de Mio Cid belongs to tha tradition to which *Chanson de Roland* gives us a useful introduction, and it is, in fact, strongly influenced by its French predecessors. Spanish vernacular literature was late in making a start. It seems likely, unless our survivals mislead us, that it was nearly a hundred years behind its French neighbour. And it is certainly true that the predominantly Christian North of Spain had little to set beside the Moslem South until well into the twelfth century and that the literature which grows in volume and strength from this time onward is under strong French and French-Latin influence. Even in the period with which we are concerned, Navarre and Catalonia alone manage to participate fruitfully in the greatness of the Latin culture of the late eleventh and the twelfth centuries, largely, it seems, as a result of Cluniac influence and policy. For our purposes it is interesting that one of the extant poems (a fragment) which we know to come from the Cluniac house of Santa Maria de Repoll is an early twelfth century poem on the Cid. This must have been one of the very earliest of the Cid poems and it is important for us to remember that the evidence points to the priority of this literary, almost learned, tradition in the evolution of the Cid literature.

We are, then, a long way from the half-understood, popular notion of the minstrel poet and his uneducated and uncritical audience. This is a poem of a high order of contrivance it is the very reverse of 'popular', in the ordinary, quasi-pejorative sense of that word. The poet is fully aware of the poetic of the contemporary French epic, and his sources and models are 'literary'. He works confidently in a tradition which represents, for Spain, a new and fruitful

alignment with important European developments.

But, while we emphasize that this is not minstrel poetry and not 'popular' poetry, we do well to remember that, for all its 'literary' lineage, it bears the strong impress of an oral tradition and of the techniques of composition dictated by this. This is made clear by the unmistakable evidence of 'oral-formulaic' techniques and by its characteristic handling of the subject-matter. We notice, especially, the demands made upon the listener by the poet's assumption of his familiarity with the main lines and even, at times, the *minutiæ*, of the subject, an assumption which produces the kind of laboured but necessary documentation and explication which we find in Pidal's big edition and that kind of selection of material which puzzles and exasperates a modern reader. This is a poem for listeners who already know the 'story'. The poet's design is to excerpt from the familiar body of material certain incidents which he will present and illuminate and which he will use to draw attention to what are, for him, certain important implications of the lives and careers of the people concerned. It is essentially poetry of interpretation within the context of a certain ethos—in this case Christian-heroic. This approach is, of course, characteristic of the more developed medieval narrative poetry. The novelty is rarely, as with our fictions, in the story. The novelty, the making of something new, is found in the handling and interpretation of the known. It is found (to use the terminology of another tradition) in the *sen* which the author succeeds in wedding to the familiar *matière* and, although the process may seem less self-conscious here than in the highly sophisticated courtly romance, it is decisively operative. It is operative through the poet's overt and unfailing moral intention, and the judgments which proceed from this, and through the selection of his material. The best medieval poets take care to provide a moral reading of the details of their creation as it appears, and the centre of the poetic process which produces this creation is found in the selection and orientation of their material.

This poem, then is not a verse 'life' of the Cid, any more than *Beowulf* and *Chanson de Roland* are verse 'lives' of their heroes. The developed tradition of Christianized heroic poetry is, before all, a tradition of moral poetry. Scholarship has taken a long time to grasp this and some of the major critical distortions of such poems have been the result of crude attempts to 'save' them from their 'moralizing': to distinguish an heroic level which was authentic and a superimposed level of Christian didacticism which was, by definition, a weakening addition—a monkish dilution of the strong and exciting spirit of heroic paganism. The process, of course, is quite other than this; the interpenetration of the heroic by the didactic is a condition of the original creation in this kind of poetry. The one process can be seen in the moralized versions of, say, Ovid current in the Middle Ages and these are of a low order; the other is seen at its best in these great readings of heroic action, whether near-contemporary or the product of a people's legendary past.

As a translation, Mr Merwin's version seems to me a considerable advance on any earlier attempt that I have been able to see. It is a genuine attempt at recreation and one that can manage some very good effects. It seems, in particular, to retain a measure of the grave strength of the long line of the original and it has the advantage of the translator's genuinely poetic sense of language. And yet—and we have to face this—medieval vernacular poetry is supremely difficult to translate. I find it hard to see how its poetic can be conveyed in a modern translation.

The conventions which are central to this poetic can hardly fail to read oddly; and, in particular, its oral-formulaic stylization produces a completely false and misleading effect. Again, we simply do not have, any longer, a richness of resource in heroic and chivalric vocabulary. The contraction and vulgarization of this once inexhaustibly fertile diction are disturbingly obvious here. The result, for all Mr Merwin's effort and real perceptions, is often flat and even banal.

G.R.Russell

H.S.DINERSTEIN:
War and the Soviet Union
Stevens. London. 52s. od.

Soviet military discussion assumes dogmatically that the attitude of the non-Communist 'imperialist' political rulers towards the USSR is marked by an inchanging basic malignity against which it is necessary to be ceaselessly on guard. It insists upon the moral weakness and decadence of 'capitalism' arising from inner contradictions which must ultimately prove its ruin; and, in contrast, upon the moral strength of Communist systems which predestine them to survival and success. Short of the completion of the process of history as foreseen by Marx there can be no true, stable peace: so that the Communist states must always be prepared for armed conflict; and the conduct of such conflict is governed by certain 'objective laws' whose understanding and observance gives assurance of victory.

The pattern of this official dogma, however, has been compatible with some rapid recent changes of view in the USSR as to the actual methods of waging war and ensuring victory. Features other than technological developments have affected this movement of thought—in particular, the divisions of opinion within the ruling Party Junta since Stalin's death. The school of Malenkov, which held that Soviet military strength was sufficient to repe aggression, and that the road wa open to a permanent accommodatio with the outside world, was movin towards a basic change in Bolshevi doctrine which would have mad real 'co-existence' on stable term possible. Its supporters insisted tha nuclear war might mean the end o 'civilization': and laid emphasis, i the sphere of domestic policy, upo 'welfare-state' and consumer develop ments rather than industrializatio for power. But the Krushche school, which prevailed, stood fo the orthodox view that the 'imperi alists' were still planning war, an that Soviet planning must be base on the development of strength t repel their aggressive designs. Onl a limited accommodation is possible by way of fostering the weaknesse and divisions of the capitalists, an working on the 'forces of peace' there to oppose the 'warmongers' and undermine their control. For the rest if war *did* break out, it would end i the victory of socialism—though a a bitter cost of destruction—and no in the collapse of civilization. This is now the official pattern of thought about war and peace.

As regards the *conduct* of war, the military doctrine and planning of the USSR up to 1953 was virtually un-affected by the existence of nuclear weapons: it was governed by Stalin's view that modern war was a massive social phenomenon in which the ultimate outcome would be determined, almost infallibly, by certain 'permanently operating factors'. The question of the enormous destructive power of A and H weapons, and of the reinforcement brought by them to the factor of initial surprise, was evaded in Soviet discussions of the subject during this time. This did not impede the development of nuclear weapons, but *did* prevent the working out of a plan for using them to the best advantage, as part of a realistic pattern of armed action.

Major-General Talenskii, by rejecting Stalin's 'permanently operating factors' as a basic law, and by his insistence that the same principles of war affected both sides in an armed conflict, prepared the way for a radical change, and scandalized Marxists who emphasized the all-importance of the difference of social systems. This officer, and the new school of thought led by him, also insisted that, in the new conditions of war, *the first blow* had become all-important, and might well prove decisive. Our author gives a fully-documented survey of the development of this theory—duly 'dovetailed' into the official ideological pattern—as well as of the resistance encountered by it from traditionalists and party scholastics.

Its ultimate triumph raised the question of 'preventive war'. In Marxist-Leninist thought, the just Socialist states can *never* indulge in armed aggression: their warlike action is always provoked by the hostility of their opponents. On the contrary, it is part of the nature of 'capitalism' to resort to aggression, and the danger of it becomes greater as its managing class sees the rising strength and prosperity of the Socialist world, and foresees the decay of their system. The problem, therefore, as seen by Soviet eyes, is *first* to build up nuclear power to a point where the capitalists may resign themselves to a peaceful decline rather than face the peril of nuclear war; and *secondly* to work out a strategy based on what is styled '*pre-emptive*' war—that is, 'getting in first' at any moment when an attack is seen to be imminent.

The Soviet war-planning of today, as our writer shows, is based, *first*, on the belief that a nuclear war can be won, and will not involve the 'destruction of civilization'. For victory, the first 'pre-emptive' attack must be made as crippling as possible, so as to minimize or preclude effective retaliation. The USSR must, therefore, have timely warming of what the other side intends, and must be prepared at any moment to launch an attack upon the enemy's war making force at its bases—more especially in Europe. For the next decade, at least, large ground forces will be required, so that Western Europe can be rapidly occupied. The civil-defence system, which is large and well developed, aims at reducing the destructive weight of such retaliation as the enemy may be able to deliver, after the first stroke and the subsequent swift 'active defence' movements have taken place.

The book's final chapter is devoted to an account of the conduct of a nuclear war as conceived by Soviet theorists today. Of especial interest are their estimates as to the mutual vulnerability of the USA and USSR, and of the part to be played by naval submarine forces in a large-scale missile offensive. They insist, however, that large ground forces of a mobile kind remain indispensable to the conduct of a nuclear war.

The guiding principle in this strategy is readiness to fight *any kind of war* with confident efficiency and full faith in victory. The Russians believe that the latest phase of warfare development has strengthened their position as against the USA, and that the process will continue. Our author sees danger ahead, if the USSR should ever acquire what her leaders would hold to be 'retaliation-proof' striking capacity, and so be tempted to end the struggle for supremacy by a decisive first blow.

D.G.M.Jackson

RUDOLF WITTKOWER:
Architectural Principles in the Age of Humanism
Alec Tiranti. London. 41s. 6d.

Renaissance architecture has been commonly interpreted in accordance with the idea that it can be entirely described as a shift from Gothic transcendentalism to worldly humanism. Far more than this was going

on in the period, and Professor Wittkower has no difficulty in showing that the great works of Alberti, Bramante and Palladio were consciously designed in accordance with a transcendental religious symbolism. 'The belief in the correspondence of microcosm and macrocosm, in the harmonic structure of the universe, in the comprehension of God through the mathematical symbols of centre, circle and sphere . . . found visual expression in the Renaissance church. . . . For the men of the Renaissance this architecture with its strict geometry, the equipoise of its harmonic order, its formal serenity and, above all, with the sphere and the dome, echoed and at the same time revealed the perfection, omnipotence, truth and goodness of God.'

Not the least interesting chapter in this indispensable study is the last, in which the break-away from this Christianized Pythagoreanism is traced through the rejection by Hogarth, Burke, and Hume of the classical wedding of mathematics with ideal beauty. The new aesthetics was to be purely empirical and emotional.

RODERICK MACFARQUAR:
The Hundred Flowers
Stevens. London. 59s. 0d.

THEODORE H.E.CHEN:
Thought Reform of the Chinese Intellectuals
Oxford University Press for Hong Kong University Press. 57s. 9d.

These two books provide very useful documentation of the situation in Communist China in regard to freedom of thought and criticism. MacFarquar's book is largely an anthology of texts from Communist sources which enable the course of events during the Hundred Flowers period to be traced. G.F.Hudson in an epilogue comments on the lesson to be drawn from the outburst of subversive criticism and the regime's sudden switch to renewed repression: 'The idea, so widely entertained in some quarters since the death of Stalin, that a Communist political order can be peacefully transformed and mellowed into something like democracy is a vain dream, for every such trend must sooner or later come up against the vested interest of the Party in the retention of its own power. . . .'

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